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The Man Who Dares

And Other Inspirational Messages
to Young People

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THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

5-1920

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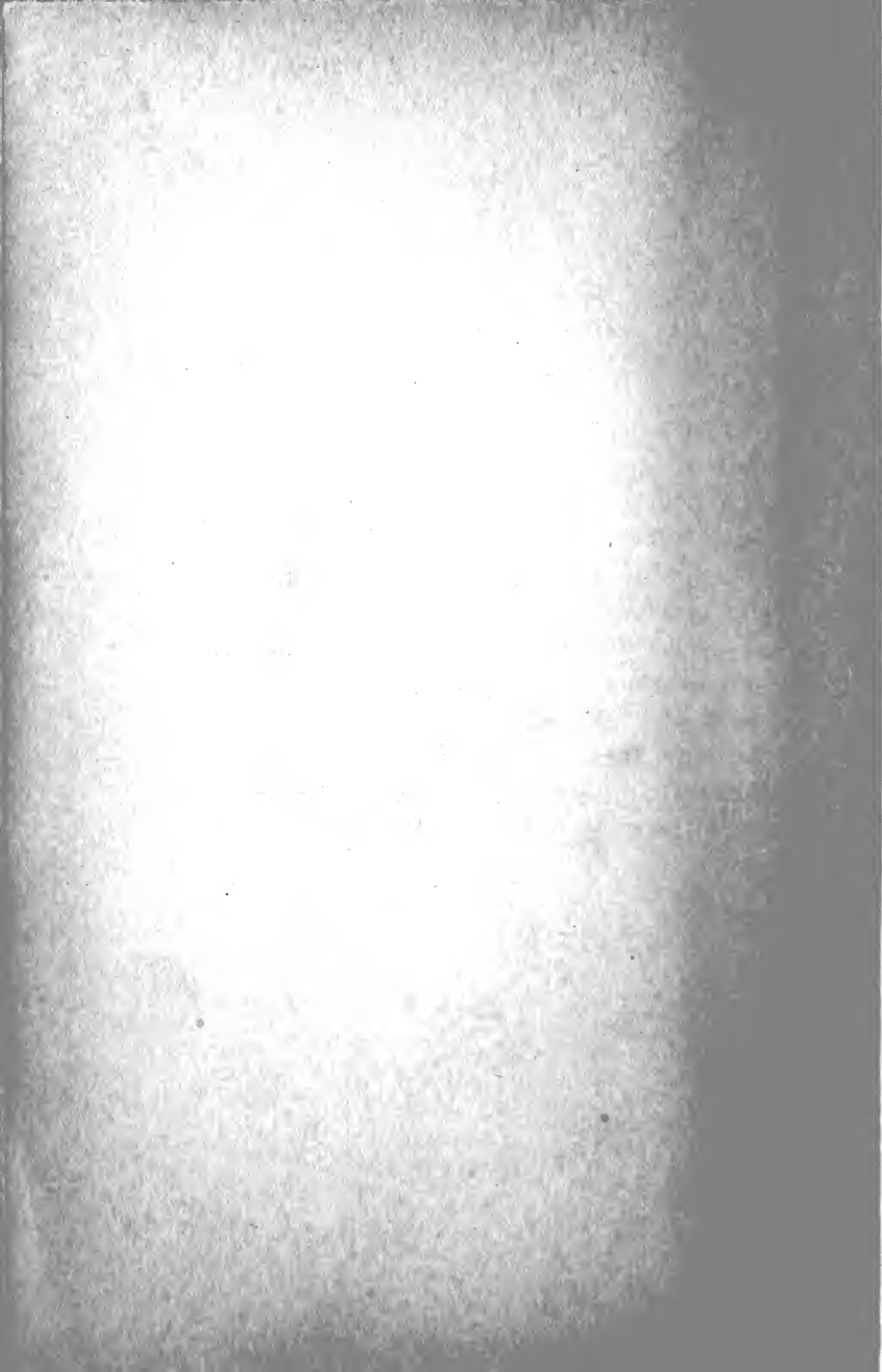
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FOREWORD

THE subject matter which forms the content of these chapters was originally prepared for public oral delivery and has been repeated before many audiences, composed principally of young people, high school and college students, covering a wide geographical area. The many and earnest assurances of inspiration and encouragement derived by those who listened to these messages justify the hope that the written word may win a similarly hospitable reception from the larger reading public afforded by the press.



I

THE MAN WHO DARES

A STUDY in the foundations of dominant character and manhood as illustrated in the careers of those intrepid pioneers in the world's thought and action whose achievements have created epochs and whose faith, persistence, energy, and courage are the marks of their axes on the trees in the wilderness through which they passed that have blazed the way for successive generations.

I

THE MAN WHO DARES

THE PIONEERS

ON the staircase of the National House of Representatives there hangs a large painting entitled "Westward the Star of Empire Takes Its Course." It portrays an emigrant train crossing the Rocky Mountains, a familiar incident in American life fifty or seventy-five years ago. In the foreground are perhaps ten or a dozen men and women, on foot, on horseback and in wagons, pressing with eager faces and hurrying feet to the top of a hill, whence far below and to the westward stretch the rolling prairies, dotted with herds of roaming buffalo, while here and there an Indian skulks in sullen apprehension of the white man's coming. In the background the hardy pioneers are unloading wagons and pitching tents preparatory to camping for the night. High up on a

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shelving ledge a human figure waves his hat in audacious salute to the setting sun, and with the other hand plants the stars and stripes on the rock-crowned summit of the wilderness. To the left a man on horseback, clad in hunter's garb and half turning in his saddle, points with extended arm to the vast plain below, as if beholding in prophetic vision the day when fields of waving grain shall fill the solitary place and marts of trade rise in regions of unbroken solitude. It is the preliminary signal for the battle royal between man and the forces of nature, and man surely shall win. It is the passing of yesterday with its primitive quiescent glories before the onward irresistible march of to-day.

If you look into those pictured faces, you can see something of the rugged strength, the mighty resolution, the dauntless enthusiasm, that led these men and women and thousands of others like them to brave the terrors of the wilderness with its peril of savage beasts and still more savage men, to fix far off on Western altitudes the beacon-light of liberty. Men of determination they

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were, of lofty and aggressive courage, of iron will, superb ideals and unflinching faith, who

“ . . . crossed the prairies as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.”

A few fell by disease or inability to meet the hardships of emigration, while the journey was yet in its beginning. Many perished along the way from privation and exposure or by the hand of treacherous foe, and o'er their moldering bones the tall trees like watchful sentries keep their silent vigil. Still others, like the great leader of the Hebrew people, lived to catch a distant glimpse of the glories of the promised land, but dropped before they passed the border, as though the same resistless Voice spake to them that said to Moses, “I have caused thee to see it with thine eye, but thou shalt not go over thither.”

They still sleep where they fell; some where the broad Mississippi's sullen roll murmurs a requiem to their honor; some where the dark Missouri's murky waters

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move in full cadence of praiseful fame, and generations yet unborn shall "glean up their scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

GREAT MEN

The picture is a true symbol of life as written in history. A few intrepid spirits in every age, impatient of conventional restraint, ambitious for a wider range of knowledge or action, obedient to the heavenly vision and therefore fearless of failure or defeat, strike out in the dark through the wilderness to find a promised land. They encounter opposition, discouragement, ridicule, hatred, death; but they blaze the way for the Coming Age and hew out the paths along which their fellow beings shall hereafter march to easy conquest in the broad glare of day.

Alfred, the Saxon king, laying amid the desolate ruins of Britain the foundations of colossal empire; Columbus, sailing through the darkness of unknown seas to find an unseen shore; Copernicus and Galileo, fighting for the rights of science against a coalition of ignorance and power; John Wesley, rekind-

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ling on deserted altars the flame of evangelical truth; Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, grasping with prophetic inspiration the essential harmony of liberty and law, evolving from the chaos of revolution the fabric of imperishable government; Abraham Lincoln, guiding the precarious destinies of the great republic through the storm of civil war, sealing with his life the last full measure of devotion, to the end that "this nation might have a new birth in freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth."

These men and others of their kind, whether known or unknown, whether celebrated by the tongues of all mankind or buried in the lonely silence of forgotten tombs; the men who toil and suffer, and die if need be, that a principle may live or an idea be carried to achievement; choosing rather to be voices crying in the wilderness than nameless echoes idly repeating words they have not wit to understand—these are the world's heroes and truly great men. It matters not whether they go to discover a

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continent, to colonize a wilderness, to found an empire, to extend the domain of science, to inaugurate a political reform, or to wage spiritual warfare against the powers of darkness. It matters not whether they succeed or fail. These are the men who make the history that others chronicle, and swing the human race a little nearer the ultimate fulfillment of that divine purpose "toward which the whole creation moves."

THE MASTER SPIRIT

God gives such men worthy associates, but the master spirit is always conspicuous above his fellows like the mountain towering above the foothills. "Great men," it is said, "like birds come in flocks, but one stands preeminent as the guide and leader of his age." The mountain which catches the first gleaming shaft of morning sunlight is crowned monarch of the hills, and the rest, however lofty, are but his bodyguard.

There is a specious and familiar doctrine, phrased in the flamboyant rhetoric of demagoguery and proclaimed from stump and rostrum by mischievous and fluent tongues,

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to the effect that God speaks through the will of the people and the decrees of heaven are registered by the majorities of earth. Or, as the sententious Latin proverb has it, "*Vox populi vox Dei*"—"The voice of the people is the voice of God."

VOX POPULI

So far as concerns the political ambitions of rival candidates for clerk of the courts or town council or State Legislature, or any other matter whose determination rests upon mere force of numbers, the voice of the people may be for the time being quite as conclusive as though the issue hung upon the infallible judgments of "Him who sitteth upon the throne of the heavens." But viewed from the standpoint of experience, the mother of wisdom; measured by those superior standards of morality and truth revealed in the unfoldings of history and established by the indisputable logic of events, the proposition that the virtue and intelligence of mankind find their best expression in the verdict of popular majorities is illogical, delusive, and supremely false. In the realm of

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material achievement and in the progress of moral ideas majorities neither rule nor lead. On the contrary, it is universally true that there is more heart, more brain, more conscience, in the Few than in the Many.

DIOGENES AND THE CROWD

It is related of the Greek cynic philosopher, Diogenes, that he was one day discoursing on a street corner of Athens with great eloquence upon the beauties of virtue when, one by one, his auditors began to leave him. Whereupon he burst forth into a ribald drinking song. Instantly the crowd returned and stood gaping in delight and wonder, while others came to swell the number. "Behold," exclaimed Diogenes, "the assemblage of fools!" That was more than two thousand years ago, but if Diogenes were living to-day he could no doubt duplicate the experience in any community of the civilized world. It is a great mistake to suppose that because virtue and intelligence inhere to a greater or lesser extent in the moral composition of mankind, therefore these qualities are mankind's chief staple, or

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that they motive to any appreciable degree the conduct of the vaunted majority.

THE MEN WHO HAVE DONE THINGS

Who have stood for advance—for the reformation of false ideals and methods or for the conservation of true ones—in society, church and state, while the angry waves of hostile opinion broke and dashed around them like the furious beating of the ocean surf against the flint foundations of the everlasting cliffs? Who laid the Atlantic cable, spanned the roaring torrent of Niagara, built the transcontinental railroads, whose bands of living steel bind the East and the West in fraternal embrace, and the rolling thunder of whose traffic utters its ceaseless and convincing answer to all faint-hearted skeptics who weakly yield to first discouragement or danger and cry, "It can't be done!" Who inaugurated and carried out to final and glorious success those mighty movements—political, scientific, religious—whose hard-won victories over the embattled hosts of error shall stand as the enduring memorials of that fierce determination and intrepidity

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of soul that have made their authors the conquerors of fate? One—two—three—four—a dozen invincible spirits, who, despite the clamorous protest of their fellows, dared leave the beaten highway of the commonplace and branch out in unexplored fields to challenge the dread unknown.

“Count me o’er earth’s chosen heroes—
they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled
the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the
golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by
their faith divine,
By one man’s plain truth to manhood and
to God’s supreme design.”

WRONG-HEADED MAJORITIES

Every folly and delusion that have blotted the human record, every iniquity that has flourished unchecked in the garden of human society, have been embraced or sanctioned or condoned by a local if not by a universal majority.

“It’s the devil sailing up the river with a sawmill on a raft!” screamed a pious old far-

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mer to his wife, when he saw Robert Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, make its initial trip from New York to Albany. And he turned and ran like a frightened rabbit. His yell of terror was echoed by every superstitious rustic on the banks of the Hudson, who mistook the thumping of the engine and the wreaths of curling smoke for the palpitations and sulphurous breath of hell's presiding genius.

It was the popular party that hung the Salem witches, kindled the fires of a thousand martyrs, stoned the prophets, and crucified the Saviour of the world. But it was a French revolutionary mob that reached the climax of demented fury when, having overthrown the foundations of human government and order, they turned the puny artillery of their wrath against the great God of the universe in the impotent but frenzied scream, "We must have no monarch in heaven if we would have none on earth!" And they robed in the vestments of a high priestess of religion a common prostitute of Paris, and worshiped her as the goddess of reason.

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TESTIMONY OF HISTORY

All history shows, if it shows anything at all, that human advancement is never a spontaneous process. Men are never converted to any genuine reform in society, science, religion, morals, or government, in the mass. It is always the individual who draws the first bead on truth and gets hold of those mighty principles and forces which prove the levers of succeeding ages. As a usual thing he has to face every degree of opposition, from harmless ridicule to bitter and malignant persecution, before he can bring the object of his endeavor within the focus of his generation; and even then he rarely succeeds. It is hard work educating a generation, and the man who attempts it is pretty sure to get kicked for his pains while he lives, and a prompt and unlamented burial as soon as he is dead—sometimes sooner. The world has very little use for its missionaries and its reformers, its discoverers, inventors and pioneers, its Saint Pauls, Savonarolas, Columbuses, Cromwells, and Wesleys; very little use or sympathy for men with “new

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empires in their purpose and new eras in their brains." Such men rise above the dead level of the commonplace and make people crane their necks to see "what's doing." Ideas disturb the cobwebbed nooks wherein mediocrity delights to browse and stagnate, and aggressive purposes ruffle the complacency of self-content. So the world calls these disturbers of its slumbers "cranks" and "heretics," and then turns over and goes to sleep again. But if the heretics refuse to silence, or the cranks persist in turning their noisy machinery, the world gets up and throws stones at them, hangs them on its gibbets, or consigns them with choice profanity to the limbo of its contempt and ostracism.

POPULAR IDOLS ARE POPULAR MIRRORS

The true pathfinder is rarely a popular idol to his own generation. A popular idol is a popular mirror. It is themselves that people really adore in their favorites, and not the seeming human embodiment of abstract virtues. Hero worship—contemporary hero worship, at least—is never bestowed upon personal qualities alone, how-

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ever grand, magnetic, or noble they may be, not even when they are consecrated to the purest and sublimest aims, but only as they serve to express or represent some common phase of the public character or aspiration of its heart. To become such a demi-god as Andrew Jackson, or Henry Clay, or Jefferson Davis, or Theodore Roosevelt became, a man must reflect in his own career and personality some ruling sentiment or great common passion of his followers.

“The man is called a fool or knave,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his race
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the ax be bared,
For him the scaffold shall be built,
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.”

MISUNDERSTOOD PIONEERS

The ignorant Hebrew rabble clamored
for the life of Moses, who made a nation out

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of a race of slaves, because he had led them away from the sensuous comforts of Egyptian servitude. Socrates was a laughingstock in the public streets of Athens, and the virtuous Cato an object of riotous amusement to the venal citizens of Rome, who could not understand why a statesman should refuse a bribe. When George Stephenson proposed to draw a train of cars by steam at the rate of fourteen miles an hour he was regarded as a fit candidate for the madhouse. When Fulton proposed to navigate the Hudson river on a steamboat his idea was ridiculed by men of sense and science as the "silliest that ever entered a silly brain." The Wright brothers met with the same reception as the pioneers of the airplane. William Carey's mission to India was publicly denounced in the British House of Commons as the "mission of a lunatic," and the brilliant Sidney Smith characterized the early foreign missionaries as "a little detachment of maniacs"—a judgment indorsed by pious congregations with the added opprobrium that they were worthy objects for divine wrath for "interfering with God's business."

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It is one of the most convincing proofs of the fundamental grandeur of human nature and an unmistakable evidence of its essential divinity, that such men, despite the rancor of defaming tongues, rise above immediate tribulation and pursue with serene and steadfast purpose the undeflecting tenor of their way. Like the block of marble under the fashioning hand of the sculptor, the mallet and the chisel serve only to cut away the cumbering weight of matter and release the imprisoned deity or hero within. Such men can truly sing the song of Michael Angelo—"The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows."

BELATED APPRECIATION

By and by, perhaps a thousand years after they are dead, posterity awakens to the fact that these men were ahead of their time; that their own generation was a little too rough with them; and forthwith starts a ten-cent subscription fund to build its tardy monuments to their post-mortem glory.

When the city of Edinburgh built a granite memorial to Robert Burns, who dur-

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ing his short and ill-fated life often lacked for food, his aged mother pathetically remarked, "Bobby asked them for bread, and they have given him a *stone*."

Some one has framed this definition of a saint. It is not found in the dictionaries, but it is not inferior to the one that is there: "Saint—a man with convictions who has been dead a hundred years; *canonized* now; *canonaded* then."

When the first abdominal operation in the history of surgery was performed by a country doctor down in Kentucky more than a century ago, a frenzied mob patrolled the house for two hours, ready to lynch the surgeon if the patient died. He heard their hoarse, dull murmurings and knew that if that woman lost her life his own must pay the forfeit. But his nerve never failed nor his hand faltered. The patient recovered, the abdominal operation became a standard achievement of the profession, and to-day medical science pays its choicest tribute to the man who dared the fury of a mob to blaze a path in surgery.

Persecuted in one age, a succeeding rears

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the emblems of its love around the objects of
a former hatred like an arch of triumph.

“They walk up to Fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the
wrongful heir
They have wrested; from the world’s hard
hand and grip.
Men who, like Death, all bone but all
unarmed,
Have taken the giant world by the throat
and thrown him,
And made him swear to maintain their
name and fame
At peril of his life.”

Those men of old who crossed the prairies
and felled the forests, who broke the soil of a
new and perilous land with one hand on the
rifle and the other on the plow, did not re-
ceive the credit for valor and sacrifice in
their own day. Their own generation called
them fools to leave a civilized and comfort-
able community and take up their abode with
wild beasts and wilder men. It was not until
prosperous cities had laid their pavements
and reared their towers beside the broad
rivers of the West, and the hum of industry

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was heard where once the roar of the panther and the shrill warwhoop of the savage had disturbed the forest echoes; not until a new star had been added to the constellated azure of the flag, that these men were acclaimed as pioneers of civilization and lifted above the level of commonplace frontiersmen to the heights of romance and hero worship.

HISTORIC PERSPECTIVE

And, now, what is it about these men who turn the world upside down when it wants to run in a groove, or keep it true to its course when it wants to turn summersaults, what is it about them that compels our admiration? Why is it that men who to their own generation were so often the objects of hatred and contempt should appear to us in a totally different light, as arch types of noble manhood and benefactors of the human race worthy of supreme eulogy and emulation?

If you want to get the full impression of a great mountain you will not lie down flat on your back at its base and gaze straight up at the top. If you do, your vision will be so diverted by the proximity of rock and tree,

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the spread of foliage, the exuberance of branch and leaf and tangled vine, that you will fail to get an adequate idea of its real immensity and beauty. But you must stand off in the distance and view it from afar, as it towers with imperial dignity above the lesser hills of the range, its summit brilliant with the glory of the morning, or kindled into mellow radiance by the dying embers of the sunset fires; and then that mountain will appear to you in its true relation, as the grandest, most majestic object in all the realm of external nature.

So it is with our judgment of men. We cannot take a just and proportionate measure of our own contemporaries, especially when they are great men. We see them too often from the purely personal standpoint or in the calcium glare that beats upon the public stage. Perhaps we slept under the same roof or ate from the same board, or sold the great man dry goods and groceries. We heard him maligned and vilified by rival partisans or saw him caricatured as a rascal and a thief in newspaper cartoons. And so we lost sight of the great ideas for which

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he stood, and his essential grandeur and heroism of soul, in the blur of contemporary prejudice or the recollection of personal idiosyncrasies and faults. A hero is never a hero to his cook or his barber. The barber remembers that the hero had to have a shave and a haircut like everybody else, and the cook recalls that the great man stormed like a tempest if things went wrong in the kitchen. Frederick the Great, who never flinched in the face of crushing military disaster, raved with the fury of a madman if his eggs happened to be underdone. It simply goes to show that you must not get too close to the mountain.

Some one has said: "The minds of men whom we see face to face appear to shine upon us darkly through the infirmities of a mortal frame. Their faculties are touched by weariness or pain, or some unhandsome passion thrusts its eclipsing shadow between us and the light of their genius."

But wait until they have been dead a hundred years or so, and their tombstones—if they had any—have begun to gather moss. Wait until they are removed beyond the

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adulation of personal followers and the calumny of foes, and then let posterity size them up. There is nothing like posterity—provided always you allow it time enough—to give an honest man his just due and expose the hollow pretense of a sham. Then it will be seen that these men typify in a very large sense certain fundamental qualities of soul which are the supreme measure of character and manhood; qualities which must inhere not only in the pioneer and the reformer but in every man whatever his station, the mechanic, the preacher, the lawyer, the teacher, the author, the statesman, who hopes to stand for anything at all or to leave a name that shall outlast the wreath upon his casket; and which in the intensified degree of their possession gave to those men of whom I have been speaking the power to move, quicken and transform their own age, and to awaken an answering thrill of appreciation and sympathy in us who read or hear of their struggles and achievements generations after.

TYRANNY OF TRADITION

First of all, as my subject suggests, I want

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to emphasize the qualities of courage and independence. One of the most difficult and discouraging forces in all the world which the man of courageous heart and independent spirit has to encounter is the force of *tradition*; that attitude of mind which looks with reverence upon everything that bears the stamp of age simply because it is old, and resents as sacrilege or vandalism all criticism and change.

The Chinese emperor once said to a famous scholar of his realm, "Hung, ninety years of philosophy must have taught you a great deal. Tell me, what is the chief danger to government?"

"Well, sire," replied Hung, "it is the rat in the statue."

"Rat in the statue!" exclaimed the Emperor; "why, what on earth is that?"

"Well, your Majesty," said Hung, "you see it is like this: we build statues to the memory of our ancestors. They are all of wood; they are hollow; and they are painted yellow. Now, sire, if a rat gets into the center of one of those wooden statues, you can't plunge it in water, for that would wash

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off the face of your ancestor. You can't smoke it out, for that would defile the sacred image. Therefore, sire, the rat is safe *because the image is holy.*"

COURAGE OF CONVICTION

A thing is not necessarily bad because it is new and untried, and it is not necessarily true or sacred because it is old and has been accepted for centuries. Man is not guilty of disrespect to the past because he refuses to wear the garments or to follow the customs of his ancestors. If some courageous barbarian in the camp of our Teutonic or Celtic forbears had not made a break for civilization, we might to-day be drinking the blood of our enemies out of their hollowed skulls in the wilderness of Scotland or Germany.

Suppose Columbus had listened to the old fogies of his day when they implored him not to sail where nobody else had ever gone, predicting that if he only sailed far enough he would surely fall over the edge of the earth?

Suppose Cromwell had modified his views and conduct to suit the babbling sycophants who said: "Hands off the sacred person of

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the sovereign! Respect the divine right of royalty! The king can do no wrong!"

Suppose Washington had sheathed his sword and retired to the pleasant shades of Mount Vernon in cheerful obedience to those timid but well-meaning souls who cautioned, "Go slow; don't doubt the wisdom of king or Parliament; and, above all, don't draw your sword against the Lord's anointed."

America would have been discovered just the same had Columbus never ventured beyond the Mediterranean, for the reason that a brace of continents three thousand miles in width and stretching from pole to pole was a considerable obstruction in the pathway of navigation, and some one was sure to run into it sooner or later. Constitutional government probably would have triumphed over the fiction of divine right even without Cromwell; and the thirteen colonies no doubt would have separated in the fullness of time from the empire of Great Britain had Washington remained on the banks of the Potomac in mute, inglorious ease. But this is certain—the men who are rendered forever illustrious by their inseparable connection with

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these achievements, had they listened to the shrieking chorus of tradition, would have rounded out their days in unheeded obscurity and finally would have descended into nameless graves, unsung and unlamented.

THE MISSION OF THE "KICKER"

I believe in the God-given mission of the pioneer, of the "kicker," if you will; in the heaven-born inspiration of the man who believes that nothing is so good that it cannot be made a great deal better. It may be that the kicker himself cannot accomplish that result, but that does not disqualify him as a critic or as a reformer, and it is no adequate reason why he should remain quiet provided he has plain horse sense and knows what is wrong.

The editor of a country newspaper in a small town came out in one of the weekly issues of his sheet with a scathing criticism on an amateur minstrel show given by "home talent." The criticism aroused a storm of indignant protest. The star performer called upon the editor in person and delivered a windy tirade which he concluded with

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the crushing taunt, "Well, it was a blamed sight better than *you* could have done, anyhow!" To which the man of the pen calmly replied: "I admit it. Your answer is true, but irrelevant. Any hen can lay an egg. Nevertheless I maintain that I am a better judge of eggs than any hen in this State."

William Ellery Channing has said, "Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life who march as they are drilled to the step of their times."

NOT ALL MOTION IS FORWARD MOTION

But while it is true that we cannot have any great amount of progress without some change, it by no means follows that all change is progress, or that every curbstone agitator or howling dervish who shrieks his blasphemies in the yawning ear of ignorance is a prophet crying in the wilderness or a Daniel come to judgment. The trouble with the lime-light reformer is that he is apt to be a disgruntled politician out of a job, or a

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demagogue manufacturing political capital out of popular discontent with the high cost of living, or a yellow journalist boosting circulation, or a self-advertising quack vending patent nostrums for imaginary ills. Any man in the public eye can command a following, no matter who he is or what he says or does. The disposition of the human race to stand pat in defense of antiquated institutions and exploded theories is not a bit stronger than its impulse to chase phantoms and rush headlong after novelties and innovations. It calls for the same exalted courage to resist a majority, stampeded and headed for a precipice, as it does to lead a minority charging in a forlorn hope against the entrenched and purblind forces of an unreasoning conservatism.

THE "INSTINCT OF VICTORY"

The next fundamental quality of the Man Who Dares, or group of qualities, for they are always found together, is aggressiveness of purpose, optimism of view, inflexible will, and an unwavering belief in oneself and in the limitless possibilities within him; or, as

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General Sherman called it, "the instinct of victory." The man who believes in himself expects to win; that is optimism. And the dynamic force which keeps him on the track and finally lands him a winner at the end of the course is the will. The man never yet wrote his name upon the memory of his fellows who lacked either of the essential qualities of self-confidence and will power. By self-confidence, however, is not meant the stubborn folly of the vaunting egotist, nor the heartless purpose of the man who crushes humanity and tenderness under his heel in the mad endeavor to reach a selfish goal, but the true confidence and the true will, which impel the man to believe and do because he knows that within himself is the God-implanted power to break his birth's invidious bar and be the architect and the master of his destiny.

Man has shown repeatedly that he can both master and make circumstances, if he will. There is divine power enough resident in the soul of man to move the universe and bring in the millennium in ten minutes, but it takes *effort*, and men hate effort. They

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are like the old Yorkshire farmer who when asked his politics answered, "Well, you may call mine the politics of the wheelbarrow; I goes whichever way they shoves me."

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Humanity if left to itself moves along the line of least resistance. That is the reason this old world makes such slow progress, and that is why it always waits for the pathfinder to blaze the way and build a boulevard, or lay a concrete sidewalk with a flowered border before it will condescend to follow. The Almighty has given us arms long enough to reach the stars if we will only stretch them out. Some men in the world's history have believed this, and when their names are called you do not have to consult the cyclopædia to know who they are.

"Sir," said his secretary one day to Mirabeau, the great leader of the popular party in the early days of the French revolution, "what you require is impossible."

"Impossible!" roared Mirabeau, leaping from his chair. "Never name to me again that blockhead of a word!"

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Napoleon commanded his generals never to tell him when a movement he ordered was impossible. No man ever yet accomplished anything by sitting down and inventing reasons why it could not be done. To believe a thing is impossible is to make it so. When a man chooses to eliminate that word "impossible" from his dictionary as Mirabeau and Napoleon did he begins to work miracles.

SUPERB PERSISTENCY OF MOHAMMED

When Mohammed began to preach his new religion proclaiming the unity and sovereignty of God and the obligations of personal morality, his friends remonstrated with him. Some ridiculed, others threatened, all advised him to stop and warned him of certain and irretrievable ruin if he continued his mad crusade against the established idolatry of Arabia. In all the land there were but three persons who believed in his mission or who would listen to his exhortations; his wife, his nephew, and his slave. But great thoughts flooded the soul of Mohammed, swept the responsive chords of his

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being with the majestic harmonies of truth; and to those who counseled silence he could only answer: "No, I am oppressed and sick at heart over the false theology and the wickedness of this people. *There is but one God*, and there can be no virtue, no wisdom, without the recognition of his sovereign power and providence. He alone is reality, he alone is truth!"

His friends besought him: "See here, Mohammed, be sensible. Why quarrel with your own interests? Why destroy your popularity? You have married a rich wife, settle down and spend her money, and cut out all this foolishness about there being only one God. The idols of our fathers are good enough for us. And if, as you tell us, there is but one God, let him proclaim that fact himself."

"No," answered Mohammed, "no; idols, formulas, temples, traditions, are nothing. *There is but one God*, and man must know him and obey his sovereign will."

Again they came to him, half warning, half threatening him: "Mohammed, you are stark mad. Either renounce this folly and

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return to sanity or count us forever against you."

People pointed him out on the streets of Mecca. "See," they said, "there goes Mohammed; he is crazy."

Others threw stones and cursed him for a pestilent rogue. At last his faithful wife died. Hated, despised, ridiculed, threatened, forsaken, the man stood absolutely alone. Forty picked assassins swore to take his life. Still he met insult and violence with the sublime reiteration, "If the sun stood at my right hand, and the moon at my left, ordering me to hold my peace, I would still declare, *There is but one God!*"

What could they do with a man like that? His unfailing resolution and fierce, fanatical zeal carried him on through opposition and persecution until at last he saw the day when all Arabia acknowledged its sovereign leader. Within ten years of the day that marked the lowest ebb of his fortunes he had achieved a moral and religious revolution among a people sunk in the abysses of crass idolatry, and transformed an ignorant degraded people, wandering in nomad bands for uncounted

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centuries over the Arabian deserts, into an organized and conquering nation. Westward to the Pillars of Hercules swept the empire of Mohammed, flowering in a civilization of surpassing brilliancy; eastward to the Bay of Bengal where the waters of the Ganges mingle with the southern seas, locking within the giant horns of its mighty crescent form areas and peoples which once had owned the sovereign sway of the Pharaohs and the Cæsars. And to-day from the loyal hearts and brazen throats of two hundred millions of mankind still peals the Moslem cry, *"There is but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!"*

SELF-EVIDENT SINCERITY

And yet they ask if Mohammed and Mirabeau and Napoleon were sincere, and men have written volumes to show that they were, or that they were not. There can be but one answer to such a question. Of course they were sincere! Nothing in this world but an underlying, undying, rock-grounded conviction of the righteousness of his cause could give a man that iron determination and

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buoyancy of courage to carry him through what these men encountered and overcame. They may have adopted unwise and even inconsistent measures to meet their ends; they may have been wrong, as doubtless in some particulars they were, but at heart they were sincere. A dishonest man, a hypocrite or a pretender, is never a brave man. Hypocrites and cowards never choose the thorn-set path to fame.

MEN WHO REFUSED TO BE DISCOURAGED

When Phillips Brooks was a student at the Boston Latin School, before he had fully determined what should be his career, his teacher said to him one day, "One thing is certain, Mr. Brooks, you will never make a preacher."

When Disraeli heard Gladstone's first speech in the House of Commons, which speech was a flat failure, he said to a member of Parliament, "Depend upon it, that young man has no future in politics."

An eminent Roman remarked of Julius Cæsar, "Whatever may come of that youth, he will never make a soldier."

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The Duke of Alva scoffed at the idea of William the Silent leading a formidable army.

But Julius Cæsar became the greatest general of antiquity; Phillips Brooks the foremost preacher of his age; Gladstone lived to overthrow the man who prophesied his failure; while William of Orange was the guiding genius of the most heroic struggle for national independence against overwhelming odds in the history of mankind.

Suppose these men had taken stock in themselves at the figures their critics quoted? The general course of events might possibly have been the same, but it would have moved to vastly slower music, and the world would have lacked four superb examples of master spirits who proved by their own inspired careers that circumstance, difficulty, natural impediment, all can be overcome and molded into passive obedience at the command of the man of supreme purpose.

“Confidence is conqueror of men,
Victor both in them and over them.
The iron will of one stout heart
Shall make a thousand quail.

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A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved,
May turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife
The giants that have fled."

DANTON'S MIRACLE OF PURPOSE

"What do we require in order to win?" cried Danton in the French Assembly, when France, disordered, divided, without soldiers, without generals, stood terror-stricken at the hostile approach of eighty thousand Austrians and Prussians sweeping on toward Paris. His own ringing answer was but the deathless utterance of that fierce and desperate courage of the Revolution which he typified: "To dare, and dare, and dare again!" cried Danton. The spirit of his brave reply steeled the heart of France with stern indomitable resolve. Fourteen republican armies sprang like Cadmus's fabled warriors from the soil; they hurled their invincible columns against the veteran legions of their foe, who trembled, wavered, and then broke and fled in wild retreat before the iron purpose and frenzied onslaught of Danton's raw recruits.

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INHERENT POWER OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT

I am a firm believer in the omnipotence of the human spirit. I believe that any man or woman with a fair endowment of native ability, courage, and common sense can overcome by sheer force of determination nine tenths—yes, ninety-nine one-hundredths—of what are generally regarded as insurmountable obstacles in the pathway of success by the weak-minded and the weak-kneed. And the reverse of this is just as true—that the blighting elements of doubt, distrust, or fear will blast the prospects and paralyze the will of him within whose faltering heart they find their evil lodgment.

SUICIDAL IMAGINATION

There is an old story which they tell in Oriental countries of a man journeying who met a dark and dread apparition.

“Who are you?” challenged the traveler.

“I am the Plague,” the specter answered.

“And where are you going?”

“I am going to Damascus to kill three thousand human beings.”

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Two months later the traveler returning met the same apparition at the same place. "Ah, false spirit," said he, "wherefore dost thou deal with me in lies? Thou didst declare thou wert going to Damascus to slay three thousand, and lo! thou hast slain thirty thousand."

"Friend," replied the apparition, "be not overhasty in thy judgment. *I* killed but three thousand. *Fear* killed the rest."

During the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war a German soldier in disguise was captured within the French lines. He was tried as a spy, condemned, and sentenced to be shot. The regimental surgeon, desiring to test by experiment the power of the imagination, secured from the colonel an order substituting blank cartridges for bullets. At the appointed hour the condemned man was led to the place of execution and there blindfolded, to die, as he supposed. The firing squad were drawn up, their rifles leveled at the prisoner's breast. At the command, "Fire!" there was a flash, an instantaneous report, and the spy fell dead. Not a bullet had touched him. Not a shot

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had been fired. The man died of an acute attack of imagination.

IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL ATTITUDE

We generally find in this world just about what we expect. "As a man thinketh, so is he," and the mental attitude determines the size of the dividends we will draw on the investment of our capital, whether that capital is money, brains, or character. The man who goes through life, head up, with faith and courage in his heart, and determination written on his face, ready to challenge and defy every trouble which assails him in his path, will find all the good things of life fairly tumbling over themselves to get to him so fast that he cannot get out of their way, while the clouds of darkness will scatter and dissolve like mist before a sea-borne gale. But the individual who grovels along with his eyes on the ground and his feet in a rut, afraid to stand up and strike out for himself because he does not want to offend his self-appointed leader, or fears the danger of getting lost from the rest of the herd; who trembles with the constant apprehension of

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germs and microbes—depend upon it, that man will keep the track of the commonplace as long as he lives, and will eventually die of an accumulation of what were once imaginary ills, but which have become real ones because he thought they were.

THE NON-COMMITTAL TYPE

There are millions who will follow to one who will lead; millions who will echo to one who will speak. A young fellow just graduated from college landed a job as assistant editor of a daily paper in a small town. Before he started in, his chief handed him a long sheet of printed instructions for his future guidance. This is what they said:

Do not abuse the Democratic party.
Do not abuse the Republican party.
Do not abuse any other political party.
We are neutral on religion.
We are neutral on prohibition.
Don't write against trusts.
Don't write against railroads.
Keep mum on the tariff.
Don't be for the President or against him.
Keep silent on the League of Nations.
Don't criticize any of our business men.

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Don't criticize our old jail or courthouse.

Don't knock our street car lines.

Let the weather alone, whether good or bad.

Don't have a word to say about our esteemed contemporary.

Don't praise or pitch into anything or anybody.

When the assistant had read this over three or four times he went to the boss and said, "Excuse me, but is there anything I *can* write about?"

"Sure," was the reply. "You can tell the people that returns to the Agricultural Department show that this has been the greatest year for *cabbages* for half a century."

Lots of people belong to that type, and, strange to say, they are usually the ones who get credit for being what the world calls "good men." The popular conception of a "good" man, if his lineaments were transcribed to paper, would look something like the current cartoons of "Mister Common People." You know the type: a man who never gets in anybody's way, who never says what people do not like to hear, who always thinks and does exactly as other people tell

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him. If for any reason he is ever compelled to say or do anything which might jeopardize his somewhat negative popularity, he goes about it after the fashion of the minister who was ordered by his bishop to preach on the subject of "Hell." The parson, not wishing to offend the sensibilities of his high-toned congregation, mitigated the uncompromising doctrine of the Scriptures in this wise: "Brethren," said he, with an apologetic drawl and a tremor of tone like the gentle purr of a pussy-cat—"Brethren, you must repent, *as it were*; and be converted, *in a measure*; or, you will be damned, *to some extent*."

Now, it may be that that preacher and his common type and following are all good men; but it is a weak, diluted, innocuous sort of goodness; not the kind which shapes an epoch, molds thought, inspires to action, and makes its possessors respected and admired even though they are disliked. Such persons may be loved, but they are rarely held in genuine esteem. There is considerable truth in the remark of the little grandson of Bismarck. He was sitting on the Iron Chancellor's knee one day when he sud-

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denly exclaimed in a burst of admiration, "O grandpa, I hope I shall be a great man like you when I grow up."

"Why, my child?" questioned his grandfather.

"Because you are so great, and everybody fears you."

"Wouldn't you rather every one loved you?" asked Bismarck.

The youngster thought a moment and then replied, "No, grandpa, I don't believe I would. For when people *love* you, they cheat you; but when they *fear* you, they let you cheat them."

I do not altogether indorse the boy's philosophy, but it expresses this truth—that the negative and innocuous qualities generally associated with the conventional type of goodness are not conducive either to usefulness or respect. There is no dynamic force in a piece of putty.

INDIVIDUALITY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

It is an interesting fact and one worth thinking about, that you will find these qualities of personal force, fearlessness, and

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independence developed to a higher degree in the Anglo-Saxon races than in any other people that ever wrote themselves into human history. The home life, the school life, the political conceptions, the social ideals of the Anglo-Saxon *all* encourage the individual to work out his own salvation.

The Spanish have a national proverb, "Rest in health." They live up to the spirit of their motto. For three hundred years the Spanish have done little but rest—when they were not baiting bulls or burning heretics. They were resting when Dewey slipped into Manila Bay, and Schley's immortal fleet swept down upon them at Santiago.

But the Turks have a proverb which beats the Spaniards. It goes like this: "It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to be dead than alive."

These people would doubtless sympathize with the man who, when his house was on fire and fast burning to the ground, warmed his hands at the blaze and thanked God he did not have to split the wood!

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Contrast the inert and lazy maxims of the Spaniard and the Turk with the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon proverb, "Heaven helps the man who helps himself," and you will understand why it is that the moral leadership of the world lies with the English-speaking races.

When Attila, the "Scourge of God," who boasted that the grass never grew where once his horse had passed, swept down with his savage Huns like a devastating tempest over the plains of Italy, he demanded as a ransom of the senators of Rome all their gold, their jewels, and costly treasure, and the emancipation of every slave in the empire.

"What will then be left to us?" wailed the degenerate Romans.

"I leave you your *souls*," replied the unlettered barbarian from the north, who had learned in his forest home to value the immortal mind above the baubles of wealth and to despise the effeminate herd who esteemed only their fortunes and had no respect for themselves. But they did nothing with their souls, for they had none worthy the name. And they lost not only their gold, their

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jewels, and their slaves, but their rich inheritance of art and letters, of martial conquests and of civil codes, and all that had made the boasted glory of the state before virtue decayed and genius failed, or Roman matrons bred degenerate spawn to profligate and worthless sires.

THE MAN WHO DARES A MAN OF IDEALS

Then last of all—and if this final thought has not already possessed your minds and hearts all I have thus far said has failed of its single purpose—last of all, I say, the Man Who Dares is a man of ideals. He looks beyond the despair and darkness of to-day and sees something better in store for to-morrow; and then with faith and hope and determination goes bravely out to transmute noble purpose into accomplished fact.

I know that it is quite the fashion among a certain class of men and women of the world to sneer at ideals; to flout them with derisive jeers as the insubstantial dream of unfledged and callow youth, and to prophesy with cynical delight that when the high school or college graduate gets out into the rough-

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and-tumble arena of life, where it is "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," he will abandon his ideals as a useless encumbrance in the race for wealth or fame. The cynics are too frequently right, for that is, I regret to say, about the first thing the young graduate does after he has rubbed off some of the "fuzz" of academic illusion. But the fault is not with the ideal—remember that. An ideal may be difficult, but it is never impossible. The *man* may be impossible, but there is no such thing as an unattainable ideal. Now and then you run across a man who holds on to his ideals. He is called a fanatic, a visionary, a crank, a dreamer; but he draws undeveloped forces into play, he brings things to pass, and he leaves a name for posterity to bless.

YOUTH AND AGE TERMS OF THE SPIRIT

Do you know what it is that makes a man old? It is not weight of years. It is not gray hair or wrinkles, failing sight or halting gait. No, a thousand times, No. I can point you to many a silver-headed patriarch who has all these, yet who is as young as a school-

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boy. And I can show you many a so-called young man, who has not passed his fortieth milestone, who has not a sign of physical infirmity, but whose sympathies are dried and withered, whose heart is dead, blasted by the frosts of a premature and spiritual winter. The difference between youth and age is primarily a difference in the vigor of spiritual faculties. As men and women journey down the vale of life they gather wisdom and experience, but as a general rule they lose the fire and the high-minded devotion of youth. But the man or the woman who with advancing years gains the one and preserves the other has solved the problem of eternal youth. What kept Gladstone and Edward Everett Hale, Clara Barton and Julia Ward Howe, young at fourscore years and ten? It was the persistent retention of the fire and zeal of youth. The speeding years served only to knit the hearts of these men and women closer to the great heart of a common humanity and to link their spirits in sympathetic accord with the aspirations of mankind.

In the early part of the last century a

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country boy up in New England was engaged in the double occupation of doing farm chores and setting type in the printing office of a village newspaper. But though humble his employment, his soul was stirred with aspirations of the highest sort. A lover of nature, he longed to interpret her messages to the toiling crowds. A believer in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, truth and justice, he witnessed the errors of his time and burned to correct them. The routine duties of farm and office were faithfully performed, but they were not allowed to deaden the sensibilities of the soul or to crush the heaven-implemented aspirations struggling upward through the uncongenial soil of commonplace surroundings.

“For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down.
Along his task field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms
stepped.”

It was walking under the illuminating

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guidance of transcendent ideals, his soul alert to catch their heavenly summons, ever clearer, richer, stronger, as the passing years whitened his devoted head, that gave John Greenleaf Whittier his inspiration and made him the power that he was.

THE CROWNING QUALITY

And so I say the Man Who Dares is the man who, like the poet, holds fast the glowing ideals of his youth; holds them with a purpose unwavering and true, and a faith that burns the brighter unto the coming day; holds them through the heat and turmoil of the strife with a courage to believe that "Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong"; holds them until the radiant skies of morning become the mellow afterglow that gilds the evening of his days. The homely setting of his life may lack the gleam of old-time romantic fire; his may not be the laurel wreath that crowns the son of fame. Yet is he none the less a hero, though "Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise," nor "pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

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I began this chapter with an illustration suggested by a mural decoration in the Capitol at Washington. Let me conclude with an incident drawn from a political drama enacted there half a century ago.

THE HEROIC STORY OF SENATOR ROSS

In 1868, when sectional bitterness and partisan strife ran high in the fierce finale of the war, the President of the United States was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors and placed on trial at the bar of a hostile Senate which had already prejudged the case and was determined to destroy the man who had dared to block the revengful schemes of a majority, drunk with power and glutted with the spoils of conquest. The whole country, inflamed with the angry passions of the hour, united in one savage clamor for the political head of Andrew Johnson.

MOMENTOUS IMPORT OF THE CASE

The trial neared its crisis. The decision, whatever it might be, would be sure to become a precedent in the American government for generations to come, for weal or for woe. A dense and eager concourse packed

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the Senate Chamber; members of foreign legations, ladies of rank, judges, congressmen, generals of the army, men of world-wide fame, awaiting with strained faces the unprecedented scene about to transpire. Outside surged a restless multitude, unable to gain admittance. Telegraph operators sat in their places ready to flash the news to distant cities, towns, and railroad stations where eager throngs were gathered to hear the verdict of the Senate.

DOUBT OF THE RESULT

It required two thirds of the fifty-four senators to convict. Amid a silence painful in its tense and bated stillness the balloting began. The minority which had no quarrel with the President voted unanimously for acquittal; but only ten of the senators belonged to the minority party. Of the majority most had already filed their opinions, and it was known how they would vote. Seven only were doubtful. The press of the country, anticipating their probable action, had heaped upon these seven men every form of abuse and vituperation to influence their decision.

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A HARD CHOICE

Among the seven was a young man of a type too rare in political life. In the flush of early maturity he stood at the threshold of what gave every promise of being a long and distinguished career. Ambitious, able, popular, successful, the young man stood at the parting of the ways. If he voted for conviction, his future was assured; for his State, the most radical in the Union and the most clamorous for the degradation of the President, would reward the young statesman with the continuance of its favor. If he voted for acquittal, that same constituency, implacable in its fierce resentment, would hurl him from his proud position and brand his name with infamy. No man in public life ever faced a harder choice. The balloting continued and reached the young man's name.

"Edmund G. Ross," called the clerk of the Senate. And amid the breathless silence of a nation, in defiance of every threat, and in the certain knowledge of his doom, Senator Ross pronounced the words—"Not guilty!"

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PERSECUTION AND ABUSE

The storm of malediction that beat upon the heads of these seven devoted patriots was unparalleled for violence and fury in the history of the republic. Every one of them was defeated for reelection to the Senate. The House of Representatives appointed a committee to investigate the charges of corruption that were hurled against them. They were pilloried as traitors to their party and as enemies to their country, and threatened with a "gibbet of everlasting obloquy." But the fate of Senator Ross was the hardest of all. The others were men advanced in years and near the end of their careers. He was only at the beginning of his; young, ambitious, capable, he would never have another chance. The others were men of long experience in public life, accustomed to its storm and stress, able to withstand its pressure. He was new in the service of the nation, and it might never be known whether he had acted from conviction or had bartered his vote for money. The constituencies of the others were of the older and more stable sections of

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the country, whose natural conservatism would in time insure their vindication. His was the rabid and implacable West whose verdict, delivered in passion, would crystallize into irrevocable fate.

PERPETUATED INJUSTICE

From the Senate Chamber, which he had entered in the high expectancy of youthful hope, Edmund G. Ross passed in the blight of his ambition but with a stainless conscience to unmerited oblivion, and died forty years after in exile and neglect. Nor has a later generation yet decreed the tardy justice that comes with cooling passions. For when the opportunity came to the State of Kansas to place in Statuary Hall the sculptured effigy of a citizen of the commonwealth worthy to stand with the noblest of the land—with Washington and Lincoln; with Roger Williams, of Rhode Island; Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts; and Robert Fulton, of Pennsylvania, as exemplars of civic virtue and possessions of civic pride—the State of Kansas turned with averted face from the bravest of her sons and voted to erect in the nation's

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pantheon the statue of another son who had likewise worn the senatorial toga—a coiner of phrases and a rhetorician—the crowning act of whose career was to report for the most sensational of New York newspapers the ghastly details of a prize fight in Carson City, and who made his valedictory address to the American people through the sporting columns of a yellow journal.

“THE VANQUISHED”

“I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the
battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died
o'erwhelmed in the strife.

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom
the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows
wore the chaplet of fame,

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the
weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a
silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches,
whose hope burned in ashes away;

From whose hand slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them,
unheeded, unpitied, alone—

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With death swooping down o'er their failure
and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and
high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and
hurrying feet,
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I
stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and
wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
'They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have van-
quished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the
prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, re-
sist, fight—if need be, to die.
Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Un-
roll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world called victors,
who won the success of a day?
The martyrs of Nero? The Spartans who fell
at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Perians and Xerxes? His judges or So-
crates? Pilate—or Christ?" "

II

SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES

AN endeavor to help place the young men or women who have not yet "found" themselves; who stand at the threshold of life's day with plans uncertain or possibly misconceived.

II

SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES

AN artist who painted portraits for a living was doing a piece of work in Bristol, England, in the year 1757. A small boy, five years old, looked on with curious interest. The artist to please the child said to him, "My little fellow, I will paint you a picture; what shall it be?"

"Paint me an angel," said the child, with flashing eyes. "Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet to sound my name over the earth."

The lad was Thomas Chatterton, England's "marvelous boy poet." His precocious answer was prophetic of the sad career whose consuming motive was ambition, and whose melancholy end was suicide at the age of seventeen.

CASTLES IN CLOUDLAND

The average boy looks for the angel and

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listens for the trumpet peal. In the roseate dreams of enthusiastic youth he sees himself throned on the pinnacle of renown, the applause of an admiring world ringing in his ears.

The romantic maiden of "sweet sixteen" with literary or histrionic aspirations pines for the day when she will be a great novelist or a queen of tragedy, or a star of the moving-picture screen, with a fame as wide as her hopes are measureless. Or perhaps her longings are for wealth without the labor of earning it; then she would be the idolized wife of a multimillionaire, with silks and satins and diamonds to adorn her person and the votaries of fashion to kneel at her feet. If she is already an heiress, she covets a foreign title, and would exchange a portion of her father's millions for some forlorn and bankrupt relic of departed feudal grandeur, and live in a magnificent castle and wear a coronet—an aspiration not wholly discouraged by the spectacular example of many American daughters.

The consecrated young preacher, fresh from the seminary, expects to rival or

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surpass in eloquence and pulpit power a Beecher, a Brooks, or a Billy Sunday.

The young graduate in law just admitted to the bar expects to become in due time the peer of a Joseph H. Choate or Elihu Root. Or, if he is squinting at politics, he will parallel the achievements of a Roosevelt or the masterful domination of a Wilson.

While of all those who enter the ranks of industry and commerce, few hope to die worth less than a Carnegie, Rockefeller or Ford.

Without doubt these or similar delightful visions loom large and real on the horizons of some who read these pages, even as they have inspired the dreams of youth these many centuries, since Ambition first breathed beguiling whispers or Hope chanted her witching melodies in the longing soul of man.

LEGEND OF THE SIEUR CHAMPLAIN

The old Indian traditions of New England tell us that somewhere on the banks of the Penobscot River there is an enchanted city, called in the mellifluent Indian tongue,

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Norumbega. Its real and tangible existence was believed in by the early discoverers, and was even located with mathematical precision upon their maps and charts. Some among them even claimed to have caught fleeting glimpses of its magic splendors reflected in the sunset skies as they skirted the coast or idly swung at anchor in some sequestered bay.

One summer day about three hundred years ago the French explorer, Champlain, sailed up the Penobscot river in quest of more territorial gems to add to the already resplendent diadem of Henry the Fourth. The day was drawing to a close, and as the sun sank to rest behind the glowing horizon suddenly there were revealed to the wondering eyes of Champlain and his crew the outlines of the enchanted city. There it stood in the soft and mellow light, its golden walls magnificent and vast, its streets paved with ivory, while the fast-sinking sun from below the western hills threw its rays aslant the gilded domes and spires; and the magic charm of the picture was further enhanced by the wild beauty of the surrounding scenery. The

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crew of the vessel lapsed into wondering silence, while Champlain gazed in speechless ecstasy at the surpassing splendor of this unknown city throned in the midst of unexplored wilderness. He even fancied he heard cathedral bells chime heavenly music, as though summoning to religious worship or celebrating some glad and happy event. Impelled by a frenzied desire to moor his vessel under the city walls before the fall of night and take possession of its hidden treasures in the name of the King of France, Champlain ordered every stitch of canvas flung to the breeze and the sailors to man the galley oars.

But as the vessel approached the shore the city fled—a shadow or a dream. Its palaces and temples became only banks of purple cloud touched by the waning sunlight; its lofty and majestic spires only the branchless pines that cut the evening sky; its stately walls but the rocky cliffs at the distant bend of the river; the ravishing strains of unseen choirs proved but the empty illusion of an overwrought fancy, for the forest depths gave forth no sound save the lonely cry of

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the whip-poor-will and the dismal hoot of the owl.

DISILLUSIONMENT

So the gilded air castles built by enthusiastic youth too soon dissolve into the wreck of unfulfilled ambitions and shattered hopes.

The optimistic candidate for the late J. Pierrepont Morgan's shoes, whose master genius was to win for him commanding place in the empire of finance, at length settles down to the routine of trade in a country village, marries a wife, rears a family, and forgets his early visions of colossal fortune in the daily and absorbing purpose to make both ends "meet," and finally compromises the situation by making one "end" vegetables and soup.

The young barrister whose modest soul aspired to million-dollar counsel fees and high judicial honors, hangs out his shingle in a back alley of the county seat, and concentrates those vaunted talents, which in some imaginary arena of legal debate were to have electrified the world, upon the inconspicuous but difficult job of keeping his

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chicken-stealing, wife-beating clients out of the county jail.

The zealous young theologian who fondly dreamed of a city church and a crowded auditorium, finds himself after twenty years in the ministry located in some obscure country parish, confronting the imminent and persistent problem how to support and educate a family of eight children on a salary of a thousand dollars and a garden patch in the backyard.

About the only one in the lot who really comes out with a net profit is the romantic maiden of "sweet sixteen," who forgets all about writing novels and marrying grand dukes, and becomes the capable and contented wife of a sturdy American citizen, the uncrowned queen of the kingdom of home.

WHY?

Now, since this is the common lot and experience of the great majority of human kind, the question naturally arises, Why after constructing these exquisite architectural fabrics of the fancy do they so soon

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vanish from our sight? Why are we not permitted to fill them and thrill them with the life and warmth of our own being and make them what we would have them to be—realities? Why is it that ambition and realization are so often two parallel lines, destined never to meet?

SOME THINGS WE CANNOT HELP, AND SOME WE CAN

The impediments to the successful accomplishment of our plans and purposes are of two kinds. The first is what for the lack of a better term we may call natural limitations. This consideration we may dismiss in few words, because while it no doubt plays a certain inevitable part in shaping human destinies, it is not a helpful factor to dwell on the negative side of things. No man ever yet accomplished anything by sitting down and inventing reasons why it cannot be done. To believe a thing is impossible is to make it so. But there are, of course, certain bounds to all human endeavor prescribed by the very laws of being beyond which no man can pass. There is, for example, a limit to hu-

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man endurance both of body and of mind. Both, as we all know, are capable of vast and wonderful development and exertion, but you cannot overtax the powers of either without destroying the efficiency of those very instruments upon which depends the successful performance of your mission or your task.

Then, too, there are enormous differences in human ability. All the education in the world never will put brains into an empty skull. Education will cultivate and teach you how to use the brains you have, but it will not put brains in your head if they are not already there.

But all that aside, the main reason for failure or success lies within the voluntary and sure control of the man himself. Broadly speaking, every man is the architect and the master of his own destiny, and many a poor disgruntled soul who curses fate or growls at Providence because of his hard luck or his disappointments has but himself to blame. All genuine and worthy effort ought to and will succeed, but all success must be won along some definite and eligible line, and it is

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right at this point that so many make the gravest mistake.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE INDISPENSABLE

“Know thyself,” was the inscription carved over the doorway of a pagan temple. Man is more deficient in self-knowledge than in almost any other kind of knowledge. Not that men and women do not think about themselves, for most of us seem to think of little else. But we think of what we shall have, what we shall get, how we shall appear, what we shall do, now and then, perhaps, what we shall be, but rarely if ever *what we are*. Man has made a specialty of biological science; that is, he has studied the evolution of his physical structure, and proclaims with apparent pride in his family tree that the tadpole was his grandfather and his eldest brother is the anthropoid ape. But of his real inner self, the spiritual offspring of divinity, to whom was promised the plenitude of dominion and power, man knows but little. And so he finds himself a square peg in a round hole because he failed to master the secrets of his own personality and made the

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weightiest decisions of his life in the folly of conceit and ignorance.

A member of the Ohio State Legislature, in addressing that body, divided mankind into four classes:

First, those who do not know, and who do not know that they do not know. These are fools; leave them.

Second, those who do not know and know that they do not know. These are children; teach them.

Third, those who know but do not know that they know. These are asleep; wake them.

Fourth, those who know and know that they know. These are wise men; follow them.

The wise man is the man who knows himself. By self-knowledge I mean that wisdom that enables a man to recognize and correctly understand his own personal qualities peculiar to himself. This knowledge of oneself, his endowments, his powers, and capabilities, is the foundation of the highest success. Dean Swift once said, "No man ever made an ill figure in life who understood his

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own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." Call it genius, talent, whatever you will, there is to a greater or lesser extent in each one of us a certain predilection or aptitude for some particular department or sphere of activity. Carlyle said, "The utterance of one's instinct is truer than one's thought." This instinct often reveals itself very early in life if we were only sharp enough to discern it.

UNUSUAL PRECOCITY

The hymnwriter Isaac Watts while a mere child exhibited a marked talent for making verses. His father deprecated this tendency and did his best to eradicate it from his son's nature, but without success. One day, becoming unusually exasperated at being continually questioned, answered, and addressed in verse, he told Isaac that the next time he was guilty of making a rhyme he would punish him after the approved and orthodox fashion which was quite devoid of poetry. It was not long before the youth repeated the offense and the irate sire prepared to keep his word. The avenging rod was about to

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descend when young Isaac fell upon his knees and supplicated his father thus:

“Dear father, on me mercy take,
And I will no more verses make!”

The old gentleman was completely non-plussed, but decided to let the boy follow the bent of his own genius. Isaac Watts's sermons would put a modern congregation to sleep in ten minutes, but his glorious hymns will live in the hearts of Christian people as long as the church shall stand.

The boy Michael Angelo, turning with equal disgust from the tasks of the school-room and the sports of the playground, to copy with marvelous skill and accuracy the drawings of great artists, then and there foreshadowed the coming master whose touch made canvas speak and dull, cold marble thrill with life and beauty.

The boy Napoleon Bonaparte, studying the lives and campaigns of famous soldiers and then storming the snow forts of his companions at the military school of Brienne, was the unfailing prophecy of the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, the tread of whose

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conquering legions caused kings and emperors to tremble on their thrones.

Now, talent is not always thus early developed. Nevertheless, every one of us has been endowed with some special and original power which fits him for a life of usefulness and honor, though not necessarily of popular renown. It is the duty that every man owes not only to himself but to God and the world to find out this talent and properly develop it.

Too many people are attracted in their selection of a lifework by the glamour of place and title. They are victims of that delusion, so false and mischievous and yet so prevalent, that in order to become somebody in the world they must get into the lime-light of publicity.

MISFITS

This insane notion that place and title irrespective of character and fitness add dignity and worth is one of the most obstinate and pernicious delusions that ever sprang from the prolific root of human vanity. It robs honest manual labor of its stalwart arm;

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it leaves the soil unturned, the bench vacant, the spindle idle; it divorces learning from labor, unfits men for the ordinary pursuits of life, breeds discontent in the hearts of youth whose lot is cast in humble places, and impels men of small powers into high public station. The universal greed for political office is but an indication of this consuming appetite for distinction. Men abandon honest and lucrative positions and subject themselves to the meanest humiliation simply to get their names into print and achieve a little official importance. One of the best things Grover Cleveland ever did was to turn his back and lock his door against the bellowing horde of office-seekers that infest Washington at the beginning of every Presidential term like the plague of lice and frogs which afflicted ancient Egypt.

It is this idea that is still flooding the so-called "learned professions" with fourth-rate men. Despite the multiplication of new and remunerative employments the law, the ministry and medicine are as overcrowded as ever; and yet unqualified and impossible men rush by thousands every year into profes-

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sional fields already congested with dead wood and waste material.

A mother who was ambitious that her son should become a head-liner in the world brought him to the famous Rowland Hill to be examined with a view to the ministry. She assured Mr. Hill that her boy had talent, though it might be wrapped up in a napkin. After a thorough examination the distinguished preacher returned the youth to his mother remarking, "Madam, I have shaken the napkin, but there is nothing in it."

Another well-known clergyman observed to a young man, weak in intellect but strong in conceit, who had the idea that the glory of God depended on his preaching the gospel: "My young friend, a man may glorify God making broom handles. You make excellent broom handles; stick to your trade and glorify God by your faithful toil."

EVERY MAN IN HIS PLACE

More success, satisfaction, and honor will come to that man or woman who does well and faithfully the humble and inconspicuous tasks of life than to one who poorly dis-

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charges the duties of a so-called "higher sphere" for which he is unfitted. Many a good carpenter has been spoiled to make an indifferent lawyer. The world needs good carpenters and skilled mechanics and intelligent farmers far more than it needs quibbling attorneys or grafting politicians. Jesus Christ himself worked with his hands for a day's wage, and by superb example forever sanctified human toil and blessed the implements of labor.

We cannot all design the bridge or the temple. Some must quarry the stone and weld the iron. We cannot all write the poem or edit the journal. Some must make the paper, gather the news, set the type, market the product. All useful work is honorable work, because all useful work is dignified and idealized by the accomplishment of human service. This is democracy, this is Christianity. The poet Lowell has said:

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil."

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Do not get the impression that I am exhorting you to enter the trades rather than the professions, or that I am advising you not to become doctors or lawyers or preachers. Heaven knows the world needs *competent* physicians and *honest* lawyers and *consecrated* preachers. But what I am trying to say to you is simply this: study yourselves; find out so far as you can for what particular purpose you were intended, for what you are adapted. Get rid of the false and abominable notion that in order to achieve success you must work with your heads and not with your hands. And then, whatever you do, whether you preach the gospel, practice law, construct railroads and bridges, build houses, or till the soil, go in for all you are worth, and go in to win!

“Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow;
Then draw it to the head, and let it go.”

THE POOR BOY'S CHANCE

This is the age of the young man. Despite the dismal prophecies of those who bewail and cry the economic changes of the time,

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and bitterly assert that the trusts and corporations have preempted every field of endeavor and forever closed the door of opportunity in the face of the poor boy, there never was a time when the door of opportunity stood so wide open for the poor boy as it does to-day, nor a time when honesty and thrift were so richly rewarded. Almost every one of the presidents, managers and magnates of these self-same trusts and corporations began his own distinguished career at the foot of the industrial ladder, and by diligence, by perseverance, by unremitting application and conscientious indefatigable toil, he climbed—not jumped—step by step to the top. Where the rich boy has one chance to succeed, the poor boy has a hundred. Why? For the simple reason that wealth and luxury react upon the moral fiber of the soul, and the young man brought up in that atmosphere and environment—unless his parents are wiser and saner than rich parents usually are—is unfitted for competitive struggle because he has never known the iron discipline of necessity nor proved his mettle by the stern compulsion of self-reliance.

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"Pull" may put the boy of superior social position or influential connections into a good job, but it will not keep him there. What the directors and the stockholders want is a man who can deliver the goods, and not a parlor ornament or a distinguished patronymic.

WILL COLLEGE EDUCATION HELP?

Without constructing an elaborate argument to show why a young man ought to go to college, there is no denying the fact that for the young man with the requisite mental equipment a college education is an excellent preparation for life. Preparation means power, and we need all the power we can get. Four years in college often will bring out those latent qualities or hidden aptitudes which are not always revealed as early or as conclusively as they were to Isaac Watts, and so help one to attain that self-knowledge which is the foundation of success. It takes a long time to become thoroughly acquainted with oneself. In college the faculties have a chance to ripen and expand in an atmosphere that is favorable to self-discovery and stimulating to the higher aspirations.

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Now, while, of course, it would be too much to affirm that a college education is essential to success, let me call your attention to a very significant fact which will show that it has at least a bearing on success. In the history of this country only one man in seven hundred and fifty has been a college graduate; and yet this tiny minority has furnished fifty per cent of United States senators and representatives and seventy-five per cent of the judges of the Supreme Court. Eighty per cent of the names contained in the latest edition of *Who's Who* in America are written in college diplomas, and seventeen out of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States have been college bred. Even in business, where the practical or utilitarian advantages of academic education are less obvious than in the professions, the captains of industry and finance, or most of them at least, will advise the young man bent on a business career to go to college if he can—and he can if he will. For here again the poor boy need never fear the handicap of poverty. He can go to college as well as his wealthy schoolmate, and he will prob-

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ably get vastly more out of it, for he will have less money to waste and less time to loaf.

THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

But I should feel self-condemned and gravely at fault were I to stop with the mere enumeration of the factors and conditions of material success. It is one thing to achieve wealth in the marts of trade or distinction in professional practice, but it is a very different and a vastly harder thing to win that success in *life* which will merit the supreme and final plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant." There are many dismal failures in apparently brilliant success, as the world defines success, and many a bright immortal triumph in seemingly hopeless failure as the world counts failure. The greatest thing in all the universe of God is a human character, because it is the only thing God himself cannot make or mold without the free cooperation of the willing spirit. Fame, wealth, or power affords no just criterion by which to take the measure of the man. It is not what we do, it is still less what we

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have, it is solely and wholly what we *are*, that stamps our lives with the label of failure or success; and what we are is determined by the purposes, the motives and the ideals which we permit to rule and actuate our daily conduct. And so the man of humble talents and defeated hopes whose heart is true may lift his head and smile, though his name may not be written in the registry of the great.

“WHAT IS SUCCESS?”

“What is success? To gain a share of gold?
To have one's wealth in envious accents told?
To see one's picture flaunted in the press?
Ah, there be those who label this success.
What is success? To win a little fame?
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?
To be counted a genius? Yes,
And there be those who label this success.
But have you not another standard still
To judge a man of character and will?
Are gold and fame the only measure tried?
In all this world is there no test beside?
Ah, yes! The man who meets with courage grim
The daily duties that devolve on him,
The petty, mean, heartbreaking cares that tire
The patient soul who never may aspire,
Howe'er so cramped the field wherein he works,
He has not failed—the man who never shirks—

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The man who toils for years without a break
And treads the path of pain for others' sake.
There are a myriad of such men to-day,
Who all unnoted walk the dolorous way—
Upon their shoulders still the cross may pres
But who will say they have not won success?"

III
THE SHORT CUT

DEDICATED to the proposition that a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points.

A note of warning against cutting corners and the indiscriminate practice of abbreviation which often defeats the object it is designed to compass.

III

THE SHORT CUT

WHAT COLUMBUS WAS LOOKING FOR

SOMETHING over four hundred years ago an Italian sailor in command of a small Spanish fleet—the largest vessel in it not much larger than a trolley car—started on the most memorable voyage ever undertaken by any navigator, with the possible exception of Noah. Columbus was looking for a new way to reach an old place. The old way, which men had traveled ever since the crusades had made India the trade center of the world, had been overrun and shut off by the Turks. A new route had been promptly found by an enterprising Portuguese, but it proved too long and too slow for an age that was beginning to demand speed.

The voyage of Columbus was the beginning of “modern times,” with all which that suggests of haste and scramble, of impatience and ambition, the abandonment of old ideas

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and the taking on of new; the beginning of invention, the initiation of new methods in education, of religious reforms, of social innovations, with a plentiful infusion of crankisms and fads.

For two centuries the nations of Europe followed the lead of Columbus, trying to find the East by sailing West. But they never found it. They found other things much more valuable, but they never found what they were looking for. *There was no such thing.*

SHORT CUTS WHICH GET THERE AND SHORT CUTS WHICH DO NOT

It is characteristic of mankind to want to get to the point of destination by the quickest and shortest route. That is the motive and the mainspring of all discovery, all invention, all improvement. That is the reason the locomotive superseded the stagecoach and the reason electricity is superseding steam. That is the why and wherefore of harvesting and linotype machines, of airplanes, submarines, and sixteen-inch guns. It is better to tunnel a mountain or bridge

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a chasm than to detour for fifty miles in order to get around them; better to save your energy by taking an elevator than to climb stairs.

But there are some things which cannot be reached or realized by the method of abbreviation. We must distinguish between the short cut which brings us to an actual goal with a real economy of time and labor, and the short cut which connects nothing and gets nowhere; the short cut which defeats its own end by eliminating the only means by which that end can be safely and profitably attained.

We are seeking to reach speedily and without labor a goal or a possession which only effort and struggle can realize or make of any value. We are hunting for a short cut to about everything that is worth while and to a good many things that are not; a short cut to wealth for the man who does not want to work, by way of stock gambling and speculation; a short cut to health by way of fake sanitariums and patent medicines for the man who thinks he can violate the laws of nature and escape the inexorable penalty;

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a short cut to knowledge by predigested substitutes for the difficult and disagreeable process of concentration; a short cut to good government by the initiative and referendum, the popular election of senators, and a hundred other inventions of a lazy citizenship to annul the irrevocable law that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"; a short cut to the millennium by reform bills and social legislation; and, finally, a short cut to heaven—which we are not quite sure exists, but which we want to make in case it does—by a scalper's ticket or a free pass. In brief, we are looking for a short cut not only to the benefits and enjoyments of this world, but to all the blessings of the next.

Our newspapers and magazines abound and our mails are swollen with advertisements of commercial schemes which bear upon their very face the palpable stamp of fraud; corner lots on the "lake front" that prove to be twenty feet deep in the Florida Everglades; gold mines and oil wells guaranteed to pay a hundred per cent dividend the first year. Officials of the United States Post Office have estimated the annual losses

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of the "unsuspecting public" who invest in this species of short cut alone at sixty-five million dollars.

THE SHORT CUT IN FINANCE

Here is a young bank clerk, living beyond his income. He has a small salary and an extravagant wife. Or, not to lay all the blame on his wife, who may be the old-fashioned, home-loving sort—though the probabilities are she is nothing of the kind—he wants an automobile or a new house, when he has not money enough to buy a lawnmower. What does he do? Work hard and save? Not at all. That is too slow, too "old-fashioned." He thinks he will play the stock market. Most every one who tries that game fails, and fails disastrously, and the young man knows it, but he thinks he is going to be the exception. He is "lucky" and the ordinary risks do not hold for him. He will succeed where others failed. He has no capital, but that does not worry him—the bank has. He has no credit, but that worries him even less—he does not need any by the method he proposes to employ. He bor-

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rows from the bank, without security and without saying anything to the directors, but fully intending to pay it all back as soon as he has turned the trick, and buys steel or some speculative stock on margin. And as soon as he buys it, it drops. He borrows more to cover. It drops again, and he borrows still more. In a few days he has borrowed and lost twenty thousand dollars of the bank's capital. He is a defaulter, with a sensational exposure and a prison sentence staring him in the face.

Now, reverse the hypothesis, and suppose the young man wins. He pays the bank what he borrowed, secretly, of course, just as he took it. He stands a winner by twenty thousand dollars. Nobody is the wiser and the bank has not lost a cent. He pats himself on the head and makes up his mind to try it again, not for a paltry twenty thousand, but for a hundred thousand. He repeats the process—and loses. *And he is bound to lose in the long run.*

THE ULTIMATE EFFECT

The short cut in finance has made some

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men rich, but that is not the point. The ultimate question is not, What is going to be the effect of your method of making money on your fortune? but, What is going to be its effect on *you*? The young man who tries the short cut described and loses is ruined. If he wins, he is even worse off than if he had lost, for he is lulled into a false security because he has "got away" with a dangerous game. He has made money which he did not earn, and by a method which, had it failed, would have involved a criminal prosecution and public disgrace. He has become confirmed in the pernicious doctrine that the penalty and obloquy of wrongdoing attach not to the wrong act, but only to its detection and exposure. In justifying his course by its success he has blinded his moral perceptions, and in making his excuses pass currency with his conscience he has deprived himself of all protection against future temptation. There is a great difference between making a *living* and making a *life*. The short cut to building a fortune is all right provided it does not defeat the paramount task of building a character. You

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can make the process of getting a living minister to the aim of building a life, but I leave it to you whether most methods of getting a living without work will bring you very far toward the goal of character.

LUCK

Now and then something occurs which we call "luck" and which seems to open a short cut to an otherwise distant goal, but it offers nothing reliable by which we may safely and surely shape our course. A poor man may once in a lifetime pick up a coin of value in a place where such things are not usually discovered, but the profession of scrutinizing sidewalks and floors for chance coins would not be a paying business. A four-leaf clover is a "lucky" find, but the vegetation that colors the landscape and feeds the herds is the ordinary grass and herbage. There are a few men in every generation who are exceptionally well endowed, just as there may be four-leaf clovers in every lawn and hay-field and an occasional five-dollar gold piece turning up in unexpected places. But the work of the world is not done in the main by

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the genius; it is done by the average men, of industrious plodding habits and toilsome accomplishment. Even men of acknowledged genius attribute their success principally to hard work.

When Theodore Roosevelt entered Harvard College he was an undeveloped youth of feeble health and frail physique, a capital subject for tuberculosis. He became one of the "seven wonders of the world" for physical stamina and endurance. How did he do it? Did the proverbial Roosevelt "luck" uncover some magic elixir, hid from the foundation of the earth, awaiting the advent of America's favorite son? Quite the reverse. It was the slow and painful product of laborious effort, of systematic cultivation, of self-restraint when others gave free rein to the riotous impulses of youth. Theodore Roosevelt found no short cut to health. It was all a matter of method and not at all of magic.

One day when Edmund Burke had overwhelmed Parliament by his eloquence, his brother Richard, amazed and bewildered, stood alone in a revery and was overheard saying to himself: "How on earth has Ned

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contrived to monopolize all the talent of the family? O, I think I see it. While we were at play he was always at work. I shall rival the ease with which he seizes immortality by the certainty with which I shall seize oblivion." Edmund Burke found no short cut to statesmanship and power. He invoked the law of patient endurance.

Darwin labored for twenty-two years on the *Origin of Species*, which revolutionized the world of science. Darwin found no short cut to scientific knowledge. He followed the beaten course of concentrated purpose.

THE SHORT CUT IN SCHOOL

The school and the college are famous for the short cut, sought by the lazy who lack ambition, or the ambitious who lack persistence. You can get your degree—if the degree is all you want—with a minimum of study and application; by cheating, if you are clever enough, or by bluffing, which is a sort of first cousin to cheating; but you will never get an *education* that way. To get the diploma or the degree without the education is like having a bank book with nothing on

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deposit or a check book with nothing to draw. The knowledge that is power is more than information, more than the mere accumulation of facts. It means the ability to think and to produce with the independent stamp of your own mind and individuality. This is not the sole property of genius; certainly it is not in any sense the possession of the cheat or the bluffer. It is the natural return of consistent intellectual toil.

NEW PATHS IN RELIGION

Old-fashioned Christianity is a pretty hard thing to live. It is not easy to love your neighbor as yourself. It is not easy to encounter reverses, disappointments, ingratitude, misfortune, and keep the spirit sweet, the mind charitable, and faith unshaken. It is not easy to meet prosperity or possess power and keep the heart humble and the life uncontaminated. If anybody has not found these things hard it is probably because he has not tried them. What an inviting field for the short cut! What is more desirable than heaven, and what is more difficult than getting there? So we invent a

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new cult. We take the words of Jesus and carefully prune them; leave out all his hard sayings; take the backbone out of his scathing denunciations and the bite out of his sarcasm; take the virtue out of faith and the inspiration out of sacrifice and struggle; borrow a pretty sentiment from some pagan poet, a few moral precepts from Confucius, and a handful of intellectual fog from Buddha; shake them together and label the mixture "New Thought" or "Christian Science" or "Ethical Culture." It sounds elevated and religious and at the same time lays no burden upon the conscience and exacts no tribute from our jaded intellects and enfeebled wills.

"THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD"

You remember in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* that as Christian leaves the City of Destruction for the Celestial City it is an arduous and perilous journey which he undertakes. It is in the face of ridicule and persecution from friends and family, and under a heavy burden which he can drop only at the foot of the cross.

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He sinks in the Slough of Despond, climbs the hill of Difficulty, suffers in the Valley of Humiliation, is sore wounded in the fight with Apollyon, is buffeted in Vanity Fair, falls into the clutches of Giant Despair and languishes in a dungeon in Doubting Castle, and at last crosses the River of Death and gains a triumphant entry into the City Eternal amid the acclamations of rejoicing angels. It is a simple allegory which has brought hope and comfort and encouragement to many a struggling and exhausted soul. Hawthorne in one of his inimitable fantasies has given us an admirable satire on the short cut to the City which Bunyan's hero sought and gained with such pertinacity of effort. An enterprising corporation built a railroad between the City of Destruction and the Celestial City to obviate the difficulties and dangers of the Christian pilgrimage. They filled the Slough of Despond with books on philosophy and the higher criticism and on that as a foundation erected an elegant but rather insubstantial bridge. The luggage of the passengers, consisting of questionable habits and other

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dross of human nature, instead of being borne upon the back until they fell off at the foot of the cross, were neatly stowed in the baggage car, to be delivered to their owners at the end of the journey and enjoyed to the full in the Celestial City. Apollyon was hired as engineer. Mr. Greatheart, the doughty old champion of the foot pilgrims, was offered the job of brakeman, but refused because he could not compromise his former differences with Apollyon. The hill Difficulty was pierced by a spacious tunnel with a double track. The material excavated from the heart of the hill Difficulty was used to fill up the Valley of Humiliation. Even the Valley of the Shadow of Death was illumined by artificial light manufactured from the inflammable gases which exuded from the soil. Tophet, which Bunyan designated by such plain speech and took so seriously, was described as the crater of a half extinct volcano in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron and the supply of fuel. Vanity Fair, which had been implacably hostile to the foot pilgrims of Christian's day,

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was very friendly to the railroad which brought business, and the capitalists of the town were among the road's heaviest stockholders. The castle of Giant Despair was turned into a hotel and the River of Death crossed by a steam ferryboat. All in all, the railroad prospectus painted such a delightful picture that everybody hastened to buy a ticket—politicians, millionaires, leaders of fashion, ladies of society, all eager to combine the spiritual benefits of a religious pilgrimage with the festive pleasures of a holiday excursion.

NO FRANCHISE

But in all these elaborate and luxurious preparations there was one thing overlooked. The Lord of the Celestial City had never granted the railroad a franchise, and no traveler could enter his dominion on a ticket over that line. The man who bought a passage lost the purchase money, which was the price of his own soul. The whole thing was a fraud and a delusion. The Celestial Railroad instead of being a short cut to the Celestial City proved to be a short cut to a totally

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different destination—which the directors said did not even exist—a destination located under the crater of Tophet, which was not an extinct volcano, after all.

WHY EXPERIENCE IS A SLOW TEACHER

The world is full of men and women who think they can cheat God by the short cut. The stream of history and the pathway of life are fairly lurid with warning signals that it cannot be done, and still the myriad hosts rush on like blind men to a self-inflicted fate.

If the world were made up of the same people who lived on from age to age, it would learn its most important lessons after one hard course in the school of experience. But it is not. It is a new world every thirty or forty years and each generation begins and ends at the same place. By the time one has paid the price and learned its lesson it is too late to profit by it because the time is all used up, and the next simply repeats the process. Perhaps by and by we shall reach the point where we shall be ready to heed the warnings and apply the wisdom of competent tutors. When we do we shall hit a faster pace.

THE SHORT CUT

Now and then a bad man seems to reform by an instantaneous conversion. But he really does not. He only starts to turn around. The reformation of character, like the formation of character, is a long and toilsome process. You cannot sow wild oats, wallow in the mire of vicious indulgence, systematically neglect your higher interests for the best years of your life, and then in some sudden spasm of emotion begin all over again and strike a short cut to sobriety, virtue, and sainthood. Possibly some one is mentally asking the question, "How about the prodigal son—didn't he strike a short cut?" No, he did not. He found his way home, but it was a long, hard, rough road, and he traveled it on foot. He was welcomed back, and he probably lived a respectable life afterward, but he was never the man he would have been had he not wandered to the "far country" and lived with the harlots and the swine. No short cut here—only the slow remorseless grinding of the mills of God.

ESSENTIAL THINGS

Two classes of people have filled the world

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in all ages: those who live for essentials and achieve character, and those who live for non-essentials and perish with the things which possess them. The essential thing, the permanent thing, is always the impulse, the motive, the purpose, the ideal, which lies back of every act and directs and individualizes every achievement. Whatever we may be striving for—whether it is wealth, or knowledge, or power, or a plain, simple living—the essential thing, the thing that counts, is not the dollar, not the diploma, not the title, not even the livelihood, but the honesty of the aim, the persistency of the effort, the nobility of the struggle, the courage with which we meet disaster and defeat, the earnestness and self-abnegation with which we turn talent and opportunity to the Godlike purpose of helping mankind.

Occasionally some deed of startling brilliancy may arrest the gaze or excite the envy of the world; but because it involves no toilsome effort, no victory of faith, no slow and arduous triumph of patience, it stands as something wholly apart and distinct from the life of its author. But with effort and faith

THE SHORT CUT

and patience the humblest deeds become so inwrought into the character of the man that success or failure in mere externals is a small thing as compared with that spiritual victory which he has achieved in himself.

THE ONLY WAY

The goal of true leadership, the path of true achievement, the accomplishment of true usefulness, all lie the way of effort and struggle and sacrifice. Only as we apprehend and accept the stringent demands of this immutable law of spiritual development shall we attain the rugged proportions of strength and power. *For there is no short cut to character.*



IV

THE QUEST OF WISDOM

“My son, if thou wilt receive my words,
and hide my commandments with thee;

“So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

“Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and
liftest up thy voice for understanding;

“If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

“Then shalt thou understand the fear of
the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.”

IV

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THE SPLENDOR OF SOLOMON

THE author and sage to whom these words are commonly ascribed lived several thousand years ago. He was among the greatest monarchs that ever filled a throne or swayed a scepter, in days when thrones and scepters were rated somewhat higher than is the case now. His name belongs to all tongues and over all the earth abides the shadow of his fame. It is said of Cæsar Augustus that he found Rome brick and left it marble. But Solomon "made silver to be in Jerusalem as the stones of the street." Around his capital he built a wall of prodigious height and strength and adorned the city with magnificent edifices. His own palaces, profuse in number, were of unrivaled splendor; while the temple, the greatest work of his hands, was the costliest that wealth and piety ever reared to the worship of Christian God or pagan deity. Its dedication marked the cul-

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minating glory of the Jewish nation. The temples of Egypt, India, Greece, or Rome never have commanded half the interest which the world has bestowed upon the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. It covered with imperishable renown the reign of its builder, and is to this day regarded by devout Jews the world over with mingled emotions of sorrow and pride.

Among the cities attributed by tradition to the creative hand of Solomon was Palmyra, the "City of the Desert," whose lonely yet majestic ruins the travelers of to-day still pause to contemplate and admire.

His mercantile enterprises surpassed all previous achievements of the kind. He opened ports on the coast of Edom and sent his ships to Arabia and India and Ceylon, whence they returned freighted with the choice products of the East. He launched his navies upon the Mediterranean, and his argosies plowed through the waves that wash the shores of the British Isles.

His wealth probably exceeded that of any monarch or millionaire who ever lived, before or since. His annual income has been es-

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timated at seven hundred millions of dollars, or about eighty thousand dollars an hour; while of his intellectual attainments it is written, "All the kings of the earth sought his presence to hear his wisdom." He was skilled in all departments of knowledge and craft, and was even credited with power to control the spirits of the invisible world. In many respects he was the most remarkable man that ever lived, and his career presents one of the strangest problems of human nature. Beginning life under bright morning skies, dark clouds obscured its noonday splendor. The wisest of men by the special favor of heaven, he became by choice the greatest of fools. A type of Christ, yet of his own salvation no man can affirm. Nehemiah said of him, "Among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God." But the time came when God declared, "Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon." He uttered powerful warnings against the fascinations of "strange women," and then married or otherwise annexed to his domestic establishment a full thousand of them. It was Solo-

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mon who counseled, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Yet he suffered his own heart to be seduced from the paths of his admonition. In early life a humble worshiper of Jehovah, in after years he turned apostate, reared altars to the gods of the heathen, and sacrificed to Moloch.

CONTRADICTIONS OF PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

And yet, despite the contradictions of his character and the inconsistencies of his course, no man ever uttered wiser words than Solomon concerning the problem of life and the duty of man. It detracts nothing from the value of his counsel that he himself forsook his own principles and became an idolater and backslider. Some men have lectured on temperance and died of alcoholism. A New England navigator who had charted the dangerous reefs of the Massachusetts coast wrecked his own vessel on a sunken rock which he himself had described and of which he warned others. A surgeon on one of the Arctic expeditions of the last century earnestly and repeatedly cautioned

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his fellow voyagers against the peril of yielding to the almost overmastering impulse to sleep; but the surgeon himself fell asleep and perished. History and experience abound with appalling contrasts of precept and example. The failure of a pilot to follow his own chart, or of a preacher to hold his own life up to the level of his own pulpit admonitions, in nowise discredits his knowledge or his doctrine, but, rather, brings out the truth of his words and the tragedy of his failure, and thus enhances the value of the lessons to be drawn from his career. So of the counsels of Solomon; they are like the warning cries of the shipwrecked mariner as he sinks beneath the flood. The whole tenor of his exhortation is that of profound and painful experience.

SCRIPTURAL AND SPIRITUAL MEANING OF WISDOM

In the words which introduce this chapter the royal author sets before us the supreme object of aspiration and desire, the finding of true religion presented under the name of wisdom.

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In common terms wisdom means the uses of mind; knowledge, the possessions of mind; understanding, the measure of mind. Understanding discerns; knowledge apprehends; wisdom applies.

“Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts
of other men

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much;

Wisdom is humble that it knows no more.”

Solomon said of knowledge, “Fools hate it.” Of Israel, absorbed in idolatry, over whom impended woes from heaven, God declared, “My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge”; while of understanding, it was a youth devoid of it that the wise man describes when looking through the window of his palace he “beheld among the simple ones a young man void of understanding,” going in the evening hour to the house of her whose “feet go down to death” and whose “steps take hold on hell.”

In the sacred writings a high import is attached to each of these terms, but to wisdom is accorded preeminent distinction:

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“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.”

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. . . .”

“For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

“She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

“Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Away back in the morning twilight of history we hear the patriarch Job inquiring,

“Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? . . .”

“The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

“It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

“It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. . . .

“No mention shall be made of coral, or of

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pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

“The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

“Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?”

DISTRACTION VS. CONCENTRATION

For the attainment of this spiritual treasure, so highly appraised by the masters of thought and experience, the instruction is given, “Incline thine ear and apply thine heart.” In the school of wisdom, as in all other schools, the conscious attitude of the pupil determines the results of his study. He must turn his ear toward the heavens to catch the first low whispers of Wisdom’s voice; and while the ear is listening the heart must be applied with unbroken attention to understand what is heard. These are not easy injunctions to obey. How many of us do you suppose really listen, or even know how to listen? We think we are listening when, as a matter of fact, we are only half hearing. The conditions of modern life are scarcely favorable to the cultivation of that

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habit of mind whose characteristic is reliance upon an intangible support, and the secret of whose power is to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." The mighty rushing wind, the convulsive earthquake, the scorching fire of business competition, of social rivalry and struggle, fill the ear with their deafening roar and drown the accents of the "still small voice."

Wisdom is to be sought after as silver or hidden treasure is sought. That is, the pursuit of it must be inspired and sustained by that eagerness and zest, that passion of resolve, with which avarice seeks for money. Wisdom does not lie exposed upon the surface. It is hidden in all difficult places; in the volumes of forgotten sages, in the context of the unwritten page, in the cumulative experiences of mankind, in unfathomable sources. It must be dug, and no rock or other obstruction is to be allowed to discourage or interrupt pursuit. Mountains of difficulty must be tunneled, deserts must be braved where the darkness of despair hangs heavy on the soul, and the deep waters of sor-

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row must be sounded if we are to extract and bring to light the object of the heart's desire. It is not unlikely that these treasures are purposely concealed in order that the spiritual energies of man may be developed in their earnest search. Everything worth while costs, and the more worth while it is, the higher the price. And especially true is it that without unflagging and protracted toil the things of God are not to be attained. The kingdom of God and his righteousness must be sought first, sought exclusively, sought as the supreme goal of the soul's intensest striving. The inclination to postpone eternal realities to vanishing shadows; the easy indifference that dismisses consideration of the prime concern of life to some vague indefinite to-morrow; the lazy but perilous optimism that says, "It will all come out right in the end," or "God is too benevolent, too good-natured, to execute the penalties of his violated law"—these are blunders of short-sighted or perverted vision.

A PRACTICAL TEST

To "understand the fear of the Lord, and

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find the knowledge of God" is the unfailing goal to which the paths of wisdom lead. "This is life eternal, to know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Not that we shall attain a complete intellectual grasp of the Infinite, for "His ways are past finding out, and his paths are in the sea." But such a knowledge may be acquired, such an apprehension may be experienced, as will divest the mind of all uncertainty as to God's existence, and create in the heart the conscious realization of his presence and ministry in the life. When Lady Henry Somerset, the gifted Englishwoman and apostle of temperance reform, faced a spiritual crisis in her life in agonizing doubt as to the reality of Christian belief, she heard a voice within the inner recess of her consciousness which distinctly said, "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know that I am." Lady Henry Somerset followed the injunction of the Voice, and her whole life thereafter bore testimony to her unshakable conviction of God's presence. Here is the simple proof. Any man or woman who wants to know can know by making a practical test. "If any man

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will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

THE PLACE OF AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

Have you ever wondered, possibly rebelled, at this obligation of obedience so insistently laid down and emphasized? But the requirement is not something peculiar to God or to God's method. It underlies all human science and belongs to the very substance of that human nature which Christ assumed. You cannot add a column of figures without obeying a law of mathematics, nor play the scale without obeying a law of harmonics, nor inflate a tire without obeying a law of physics, nor argue a point with your neighbor without obeying a law of logic. God can perfectly reveal himself to man only through man's voluntary obedience to God; there is no other way. It is a first principle of all influence that there is something in every nature which cannot be communicated, something which cannot be reached by the mere contact of intelligences. There must be a sympathy and a union of

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wills. And as between the superior and the inferior, the less and the greater, such sympathy and union are possible only where there is loving authority on the one side and trusting obedience on the other. You go to a school and place yourself under the instruction of some capable professor, or you join some church and put yourself under the spiritual guidance of its pastor. You get his thought in his teaching or his preaching, the facts he has gathered in his observation and his study, the ideas which have come to him in his experience. You get a good deal in this way, but it does not go to the root of your being. But when you have found in the professor or the pastor a friend, when you have come not only to esteem him for what he knows but to love him for what he is, and to recognize in his life and character a better expression of the will of God than you see reflected in your own, then his counsels take on a different kind of authority, and you obey him because it is your delight to yield yourself to his superior leading. A new door of communication opens between your life and his, and in this new relationship he gives

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you what he could not give you before—not only facts and ideas, but motives, purposes, impulses, inspirations.

So Christ, the supreme Teacher, Preacher and Friend, tells us many things about the moral universe and its laws we could never know without him; but in the closer fellowship, the deeper and lasting intimacy of love, he reveals to us the secret of his nature, the source of his power, and makes us like himself. In the first contact information is communicated through intelligence; in the second life is imparted through submission.

CHRIST THE EMBODIMENT OF GOD IN HUMANITY

When Lord Nelson, England's most famous admiral, was resolved to fight, it is said he put his glass to his blind eye so that he could not see the signal for retiring. So there are persons who refuse to see the revelation of himself which God has given because of their natural inability or disinclination to perceive spiritual truth. Only once has true wisdom been perfectly revealed and represented—in Jesus Christ our Lord. So

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long as we refuse to look at him we may truly say we see little evidence of a God who has any claim upon our worship, little to persuade or impel us to seek out the knowledge of God as exemplified in him. But in Christ we have the God whose "ways are past finding out" made intelligible, manifest in the flesh. In Christ we find that which proves itself divine—a God who declares with his own word and proclaims by his own acts that infinite greatness is infinite capacity for love and service; who opens his resources to the unlimited use of his needy children, and finds in their blunders, their struggles, their entanglements and griefs, but a fit field for the ampler operation of his Fatherly love.

WHAT IT MEANS AND WHAT IT DOES NOT MEAN TO BE A CHRISTIAN

The process of making a man wise in the knowledge of God is simply the process of making him a Christian, or—a better Christian. We are too accustomed to think and speak of Christian character as if it were some distinct and different species or product of experience, an ideal essentially strange

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and foreign to human nature. And so it too often happens that normal and healthy young minds are led to repel the suggestion of Christian discipleship, not because its standard is exacting, but because its implications seem to belittle a type of character attainment which commands instinctive and spontaneous homage. But there is no vague array of celestial qualities which belong to the Christian life in the sense that they are not intrinsic human qualities. "The Christian character," says Phillips Brooks, "is nothing but the completed human character. . . . The Christian graces are nothing but the natural virtues held up into the light of Christ. They are made of the same stuff; they are lifted along the same lines; but they have found their pinnacle. They have caught the illumination which their souls desire. Manliness has not been changed into Godliness; it has fulfilled itself in Godliness." That is to say, the idea is not to make a Christian by unmaking a man. Human courage, human patience, human hope, human faith—these touched by the fire of God make the graces of the Christian life.

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HOW MAN'S WILL BECOMES A PART OF THE LAW OF GOD

But while Wisdom is thus exalted as the climax of spiritual attainment, acceptance of the ideal and compliance with the conditions of its realization lie solely within the power of the human will. "If thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee." "If thou wilt"—the tone is a tone of entreaty, but the words carry the conscious recognition of man's freedom, and, in a sense, of his equality with God. The philosopher may prove to his own satisfaction that man is a puppet, pulled by the strings of some invisible mechanical force, and that all his actions are ordered by an iron law of necessity, whether it is the act of subscribing to foreign missions or the act of robbing a bank. But consciously man is self-determining and free, the possessor of a will and the master of his destiny. We can all recall moments when we stood face to face with some big decisive crisis in our lives and realized with startling vividness our individual responsibility and our individual

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power, realized it by an intuition swift and unerring, which always stood confirmed by the sternest logic. In the last analysis every man is alone responsible for his life, and for his character, which is the crystallization of life. God would never have constructed man so that he would experience self-blame or remorse for doing the thing which he could not help doing, or for not doing the thing which he could not have done had he tried.

The law of the land, statutory and common, is above any individual. The individual is governed by the law; he must abide by it, he dare not violate it. Yet he has the right to dispose of himself and his property as he pleases. He makes a contract by his own free act and the courts will enforce it against him as a part of the law of the land. He writes his will, and if the signature is genuine it becomes likewise a part of the law of the land, and the highest tribunal of justice cannot, dare not, set it aside. So do you in the royal chamber of your soul write your will and dispose of your immortal self. The law of God is above you and rules you; but your will thus becomes with his consent a part

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of the law of God. Heaven's highest court must admit to probate that will unquestioned.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE "WISE MAN"

Is there any permanent satisfaction or happiness possible for man outside of his voluntary choice of God's ways? Many could answer that question. I will call one witness. I select him because I think he is the best witness I could summon to prove this point. I believe he had the best opportunity to find out by actual test under the most propitious conditions if there is anything really worth while which can be offered as a substitute for the counsels of the text. Solomon set himself to solve the universal problem, "What is that good for the sons of men which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life?" Or, in popular language, What is the secret of happiness? And if ever in the history of the race there lived a man competent to solve that problem, it was Israel's fortunate king. He had the three prime qualifications which the world regards as indispensable to a fair

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test, namely, great wealth, great power, great intelligence. And after he had experimented for a lifetime in all conceivable directions, what is his verdict? Let him answer for himself.

Yonder he stands upon the balcony of his palace. He gazes out over his immense possessions, his extensive estates, his cattle, his flocks and herds, his palaces profuse in number and magnificent in adornment. He thinks of his vast commerce, of his ships laden with the fruits of every clime. The ripple of brooks and the murmur of fountains fall upon his ear. But a cloud rests upon the monarch's brow. His lips move. Is it a sentiment of joy and thanksgiving that they utter, inspired by the gratifying prospect of his limitless wealth? Hardly; for joy does not speak in the accents of despair. Approach him and listen.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. I hated all my labor which I have taken under the sun; for I shall leave it to the man who shall come after me, and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?"

"But," you reply, "if your material pos-

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sessions and achievements fail to meet the deeper longings of your nature, surely your extensive literary and intellectual attainments must be a source of solid and enduring satisfaction?"

He answers, "This also is vexation of spirit; for he that increaseth learning increaseth sorrow; of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

"You have tried pleasure?"

"Yes, I said in my heart, Go to, now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure. And behold, this also is vanity."

You think you will try him with a chance shot, so you say, "But your social surroundings, your friendships, your domestic connections—are these also a delusion?"

You can fairly hear the ring of scorn in his voice as he replies, "One man in a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found. Confidence in an unfaithful friend is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint. I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets."

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"Well, we had supposed that your many years, your varied experiences, your exceptional opportunities, had given you cause to bless life, to look back upon it with pleasure, and to leave it with regret."

His pessimism deepens as he answers, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better than both is he which hath not yet been born."

"Well, you are a representative man. You have made a great experiment; an experiment which every man at some time or another in his life would like to make for himself. You have had unusual facilities for successful demonstration. The world has an interest in knowing the result and in hearing from your own lips your verdict. What is the conclusion of the whole matter?"

Then answers Solomon in these words: "The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

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THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER

Like Solomon, we are all seeking the thing worth while. Some of us follow pleasure, others ambition, others gain, others learning, others the allurements of place and power. But every one of us has some object of pursuit into which we are putting our thought, our energy, our hope, our purpose. Elsewhere we may find partial revelations, fragmentary experiences, hints of meanings, temporary satisfactions. But until we find Him whom to know is life eternal—until Christ, the human embodiment of God, reveals to us the secret of our life—we shall be working without a center, and having no center, we shall have no certainty that these lesser luminaries in whose pale gleam we labor for a season will continue to shed their fitful rays along our pathway to the journey's end.

“High Heaven to lowly simple hearts hath wisdom given;

Who knoweth Christ aright and in Him lives,
Hath won the highest prize that Wisdom gives.”



V

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

AN appreciation of the enlightened patriotism, the humanitarian sympathy, and the unparalleled intelligence and courage of that noblest specimen of the fighting hero—the American soldier.

V

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HIS MODESTY

THE men who do the really big things in life are the least inclined to brag about it. A soldier by the name of Davis returning on one of the transports told a reporter all about the magnificent work of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth, the famous New York regiment of the Rainbow Division. Davis belonged to the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Artillery. He was telling how the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth threw back the German advance in the terrible days at Champagne when even the "Blue Devils" were in retreat. "You can't say too much about those fellows," said Davis, "and nothing New York can do for them will be too good."

"How about the One Hundred and Forty-ninth?" the reporter asked.

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"Oh, we just stuck around and helped out. That's all we did," answered Davis.

"Just stuck around and helped out"! The man who said it wore the Croix de Guerre, and the One Hundred and Forty-ninth had supported the New York regiment to the limit of endurance. The answer was characteristic of the soldier. Plenty to say in praise of others, but nothing about himself. Modesty and courage—like the grace of woman and the strength of man, the complementary and sustaining pillars of the human arch—are the basic virtues which underlie and illuminate the spirit of the hero.

THREE HISTORIC TYPES

There are three types of soldier. There is the mechanical type, illustrated by our late adversary, the Prussian; automatic, precise, stolid, unthinking, and unfeeling, knouted by drill sergeants and kicked by brutal lieutenants into a state of chronic and servile obedience. This type will march to certain death in solid mass formation, not knowing, not caring, not capable of understanding why. There is only one way to deal with

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him, but it is a sure way—starvation and defeat. For being a machine he will fight only as long as he is fed, and carried along by the momentum of his initial victories. Just one crushing defeat will take all the fight out of him.

There is the fatalistic type, illustrated by the Turk, in whom a grim fanatical devotion to some ideal or tenet of religion submerges the instinctive love of life, so that death on the field of battle becomes a glorified gateway to the joys of paradise or the beatitude of enthronement with ancestral deities. The actions of this type are governed by a powerful motive which releases him from the clutch of the primal instinct. He will storm an impregnable fortress to the point of mass suicide, not so much to achieve the impossible as to die in the attempt. There is only one way to deal with him, and that is to exterminate him; for since he prefers a warlike death to a peaceful life, you will never settle him until you kill him.

Then there is the individualistic type, the free type, exemplified to the highest degree in the men who followed Cromwell at Mars-

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ton Moor, and Washington at the crossing of the Delaware, and Foch and Haig and Pershing at the Marne and the Argonne Forest; the soldiers who learned to fight with ballots before they fought with bullets; men of intelligent conviction, of unfailing resource, of indestructible purpose and quenchless faith. Ancient or modern wars afford no parallel to the courage, the versatility, the endurance of the fighting men whose tongue is the language of the King James Version and the Declaration of Independence, and whose inspiration is the Gospel of the Square Deal. Anglo-Saxon is the best fighting blood of history, but the men of this race will fight only under the pressure of moral conviction, and for only one end—liberty; their own or somebody else's. The history of all our wars illustrates and proves this fact.

THE MOTIVES OF AMERICAN WARS

The American soldier of 1776 fought for the freedom of the soil, violated by a German king on a British throne, who had to hire foreign mercenaries to do his fighting for

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him because Englishmen refused to volunteer.

The American soldier of 1812 won the freedom of the seas.

The American soldier of 1846 redeemed the virgin West from the clutch of Mexican and Spanish brutality and ignorance, and proclaimed free speech, a free press, a free church, a free school, and a free government, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast.

The American soldier of 1861 was a sort of Siamese twins with two contradictory conceptions of liberty, and so he fought with himself. The Southern half of him fought for *local* self-government, because he believed that the free heritage of his fathers could best be preserved by the continued independence of the sovereign States. The Northern half of him fought for *federal* self-government, because he believed that the particular kind of liberty which America stood for could be perpetuated and enlarged only by a sovereign *nation*. The greater conception won because it was the truer.

The American soldier of 1898 buckled on

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his father's sword with the glory of Gettysburg still gleaming from its blade, and drove the Spaniard from the last entrenchment of Old World despotism on the western hemisphere—the Spaniard, to whom God gave ten talents in the wealth of a continent and said, "Occupy till I come;" the Spaniard, who had four hundred years in which to stamp his impress in character and achievement on this plastic civilization, and who has left behind him not one enduring memorial, not one beneficent institution, not one intellectual or moral legacy; nothing but an adobe hut, a mediæval rack and thumbscrew, and an illegitimate race.

The American soldier of 1917—in the deathless spirit of '76, with the consecration of '61 and the enthusiasm of '98, invincible in the courage and purpose which only a righteous cause can give—girt up his sturdy loins and unsheathed his stainless sword for the freedom of the seas, imperiled by a ruthless violence; for the defense of the soil, menaced by the aggressions of autocratic and conscienceless power; and for the release and salvation of crucified humanity.

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ADAPTABILITY AND AUDACITY

The American soldier can handle anything that genius can invent, and improve it in the process of acquaintance. He can make a radio operator out of a pile-driver, and a flying ace out of a pacifist—provided the pacifist has not reached the stage of “conscientious objector.” The German chemists who perpetrated the original poisonous gas outrage were the most popular men east of the Rhine, until the American chemist—compelled to fight the devil with his own weapons—discovered a worse gas; then those Prussian scientists became the most *unpopular* men east of the Rhine. Gas and flame were not our choice of weapons. We preferred the trench shotgun. But for every pound of liquid gas the Germans sent over our lines, we put five pounds over theirs. Pushed by necessity or forced by the tactics of his foe, the American soldier can use anything, from a railroad gun to a razor, and use it with unexampled and terrible efficiency.

An American attacking party at the

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Marne were preceded by the customary barrage, which swept along altogether too slowly to suit their notions of speed. They begged their commanding officer to send word back to the artillery, "For the love of Mike, lay off that barrage!" The barrage was "laid off," and those intrepid Yankees, in true American style, advanced on machine gun nests, absolutely unprotected, cheering as they ran, and bagged the whole quarry.

A type of soldier accustomed to fight only by ironclad rule, devoid of initiative and incapable of voluntary action, simply could not understand a type of soldier who refused to meet the expectations of the German High Command and defied the orthodoxy of Prussian tactics. The German soldier pinned his faith to machine guns, and when he found a foe who cared no more for a machine gun than he would for a pop gun, all the fight oozed out of him and he fell down like an empty bag. "You don't play fair," the Prussian officers complained. "We shoot you, and you won't stay dead. We take you prisoners, and you turn around and

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capture us. We aren't used to that kind of a game."

There is only one safe way to deal with this type, and that is to keep out of the reach of his bayonet. For while the American never seeks a fight for the sake of fighting, he never runs away from one if it is forced on him. He is a good deal like Thomas H. Benton, who was United States Senator from Missouri in the days when there were giants in the land. Mr. Benton was a dead shot with the dueling pistol—a proficiency acquired by a lifetime of practice on human targets. Some one said to him in his old age, "Senator, I suppose you have had a good many quarrels in your day?"

"No, sir," replied the distinguished statesman, with stately dignity, "I never *quarrel*. But I sometimes *fight*, and when I do, a funeral usually follows."

The American soldier has fought in France and the sequel is the funeral of Prussian militarism. He is the despair of his enemies and the amazement of his comrades in arms. Dash him to earth and he will rise again like Antæus seven times stronger than

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before. You cannot discourage him, for faith is the indestructible basis of his moral composition. You cannot conquer him, for as long as he believes in the righteousness of his cause he will subsist without rations and fight without ammunition. You cannot exterminate him, for he is not made of perishable stuff.

AMERICA TO THE RESCUE

From a purely human and military point of view, Germany had won this war when America jumped in. I would not minimize or disparage the superb resistance, the iron determination, the persevering ardor of the Allied forces, who held the Hun at bay until America was mentally disposed and physically prepared to save an imperiled world. But Brussels fell despite the gallant purpose of struggling Belgium. The Prussian guns dropped their shells on Paris. Britain held the seas, but Germany held her territorial gains. The submarine levied increasing toll of death, and the field-gray hordes pressed nearer the Channel ports. "They shall not pass!" cried the heroes of Verdun, as the

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iron fortress strained beneath the fury of assault. "We stand with our backs to the wall," declared Field Marshal Haig, hope balancing against despair. And then America awoke to the desperate import of the struggle. The voice of the nation spoke and Germany heard. The boy of eighteen and the man of forty donned the olive drab. The farm, the shop, the office, the pulpit, the school, and the home gave up their best. Conscription with an impartial hand reached down into America's population and brought up men of every tribe, tongue, people, kindred, nation, creed, and stage of culture. The cantonment gathered the raw material; discipline ironed out its wrinkles; the rigors of camp life and bayonet drill hardened the flabby tissues into muscles of steel; patriotism inspired the courage; and the vision of a triumphant blood-frenzied Germany reenacting the horrors of Belgium in American homes galvanized and sanctified the purpose. Transports ferried the hosts of freedom through the forest of submarines, and the soil of tortured France welcomed at last the tread of the American Expeditionary Force!

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THE MARTIAL CLIMAX

Mankind will never forget the three hundred Spartans who held the pass of Thermopylæ against the myrmidons of Xerxes; or Chalons-sur-Marne, where the Roman legions crushed the savage dominion of Attila the Hun; or Tours, where Charles Martel threw back the advancing hordes of Islam and saved western Europe to Christian civilization. It will never forget Quebec, where Wolfe won a continent for Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions; or Waterloo, where the British squares shattered the Old Guard led by Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and with it the last dream of Napoleon's empire. It will never cease to admire the splendid but futile daring of the Light Brigade, or the imperishable glory of Pickett's charge. Add to these deathless names CHATEAU THIERRY, which rivals them all in its amazing, almost superhuman deeds of heroism, and admittedly surpasses them in the tremendous importance of the gigantic issues at stake and the immeasurable deliverance accomplished. The battle of the Ar-

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gonne, where Iron Cross and Red Cross met in desperate and final struggle for the body and soul of mankind, offers for the endless veneration of history in one magnificent epic the devotion of Thermopylæ, the significance of Chalons and Tours, the audacity of Quebec, the dash and stubborn valor of Waterloo, and the spiritual regeneration of the field of Gettysburg.

Many centuries ago a Christian apostle wrote, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." It was preeminently faith that won the World War—the moral conviction, implanted and invincible, that we were fighting for a righteous cause, and a righteous cause cannot be defeated. The dominant factor in German morale was faith in the superiority of their weapons. As soon as they lost confidence in their submarines and their batteries they went to pieces; while the Allies, who all along had believed implicitly in their ultimate victory, even in the dark and terrible reverses of the early days at Mons and Ypres, at last crashed through and over the Hindenberg line like a steamroller.

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MILITARY AND NAVAL DISGRACE OF GERMANY

The collapse of Germany is the supreme anti-climax of all history. In June the German army, flushed and confident with the prestige of four years of victory, was within thirty-nine miles of the French capital; so near that Paris could feel in its face the hot breath of the approaching beast. In November the German army, defeated, demoralized, panic-stricken, was in full retreat, and the Kaiser a fugitive in Holland. Von Tirpitz shaved his whiskers and fled in disguise to Switzerland. Ludendorff escaped in civilian's clothes on a forged passport, and the mighty Hindenberg, taking no chances in bomb-proof dugout, sought safety in a personally conducted and ignominious flight.

At Valley Forge Washington with his handful of indomitable patriots, hungry, naked, sick, defied the British army of invasion in Philadelphia.

At Appomattox the gray immortals of Lee implored their great commander to make

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a last desperate stand and let them die with their rifles in their hands.

But the German army, with man power unimpaired, with rations in abundance and munitions mountain-high, turned tail and fled in terror from the iron spray of a trench shot-gun and sixteen inches of cold steel propelled by Yankee will and muscle.

At Trafalgar and Santiago the French and Spanish defied the hopeless odds against them and fought their ships to the end. And the end was glorious, worthy of the great people whose flag they bore. But the German fleet, whose blatant boastings had kept all Europe awake at nights for twenty years, couldn't be kicked into a fight when the crisis came. A line of ships twenty miles long surrendered without firing a shot. The German navy, which began its career with the murder of the innocents under the black flag of piracy, closed it in disgrace and cowardice under the red flag of anarchy.

EQUAL HONOR TO ALL WHO WORE THE
UNIFORM

Public opinion recognizes, so far as the

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personal attitude of Americans toward the World War is concerned, but two classes—patriots and slackers. The patriots were the men and women who did *all* they could, whether much or little. The slackers were the men and women who did *less* than they could. That this war was supported at home as no other national war in our history was ever supported is the distinctive glory of the great army of civilian patriots who did all they could in the only way that was open to them. But all claims abate, all services pale, before the consecration, the fortitude, the heroism and sacrifice of the man who wore the uniform. It makes no difference where the chances of war may have placed him. Some were kept at inconspicuous posts of duty while their comrades found the front line trenches. Their patriotism and fighting blood are unimpeachable just the same. They were unfortunate in the distribution of opportunities, that is all. In this respect they are like the bull terrier that ambled down street attached to one end of a stout leash. The other end was held by a small boy. A man, struck by the businesslike as-

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pect of the dog, stopped the boy and said to him, "My, what a ferocious dog you have, sonny! He must have German blood in him." "No, he hasn't," said the boy, "but he would have if he could find a German."

There were a million and a half men in uniform right here in the United States who were ready and eager to go to the front, who had prepared themselves for the final test, but to whom the opportunity never came. In Great Britain and France there were thousands more of Americans who never reached the fighting lines, denied the privilege of participation in the closing scenes by only a few days. Thousands more of enlisted men and officers there were who served at posts behind the lines which deprived them of the chance to prove their faith and valor. These men were all disappointed. They wanted to have a hand in smashing Germany in the way the veterans of Pershing's combat troops did. But though their contribution to final victory was not made in the manner of their cherished aspirations, what they did was no less essential, no less real. The fight could not have been won without them.

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Their labors, their spirit, their readiness, made ultimate victory possible, and he is a narrow-visioned American who fails to recognize the debt the nation owes them or to accord them the unstinted praise they merit.

“In every song there’s a note of pain,
A minor chord in each glad refrain.”

BLUE STARS AND GOLD STARS

While we greet in joyous welcome the living victors, we do not forget the “unreturning brave,” nor miss the voiceless pathos of the American graves that hallow the hills and vales of France. We knew the stars upon our service flags could not all stay blue. Against the darker night of sorrow the gold stars flash their radiance upon a world made free through the sufferings of consecrated men. The great host living and dead, from the humblest private to the commanding general, are linked with God on his eternal throne. Blue stars and gold stars shall shine forever in the constellation of exalted spirits who labored and fought for the triumph of God’s truth.

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